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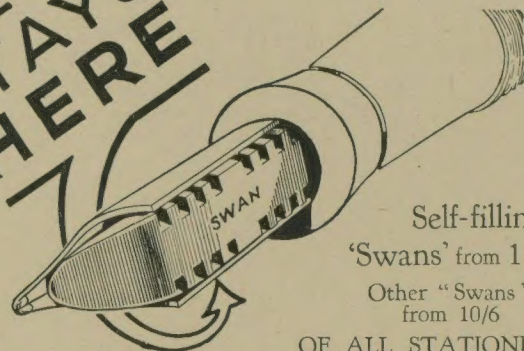
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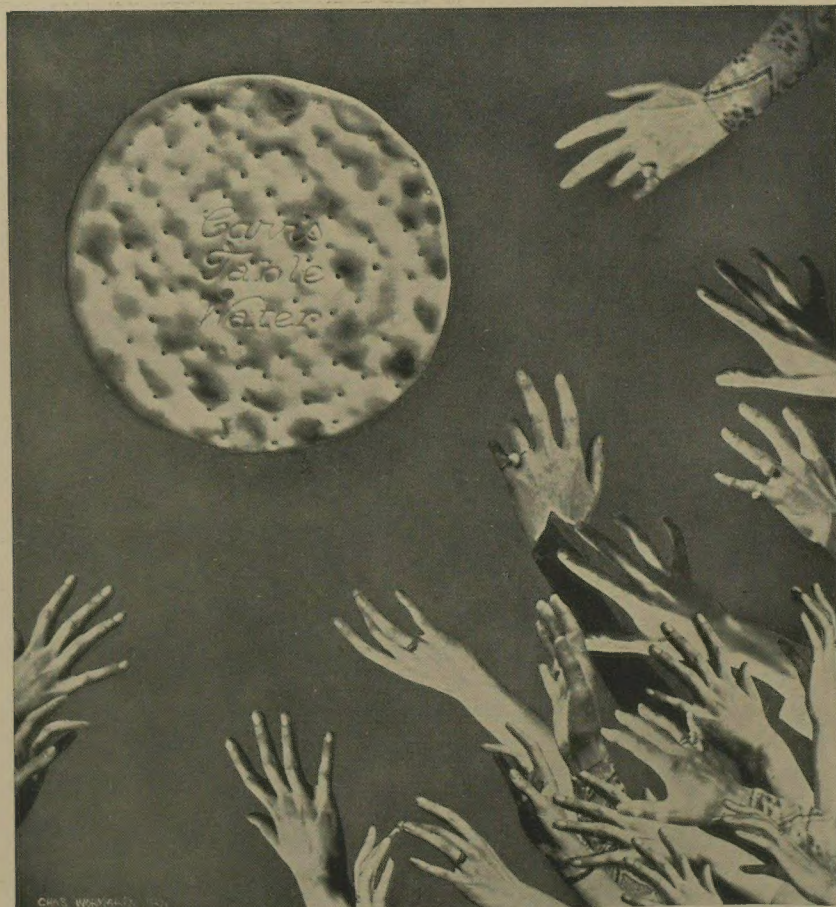
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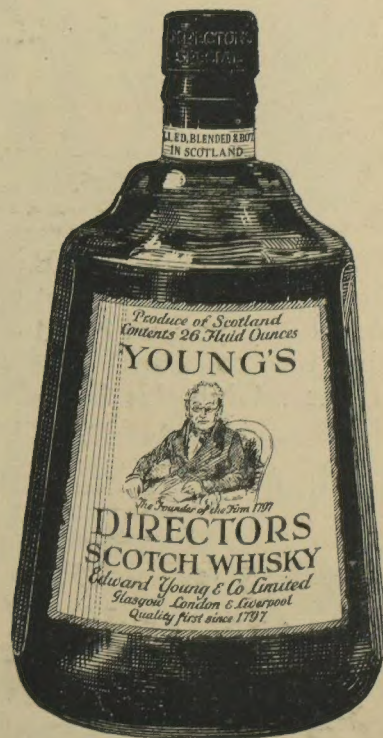
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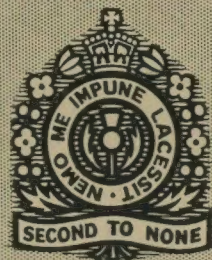
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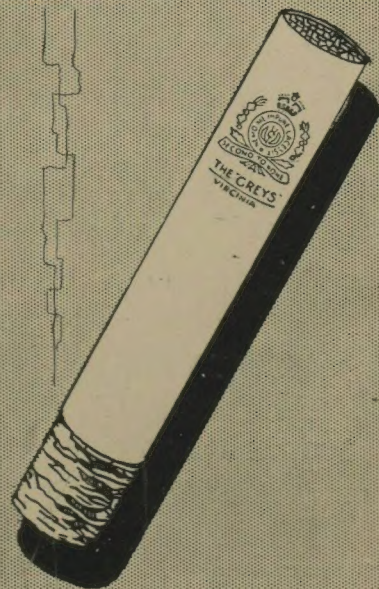
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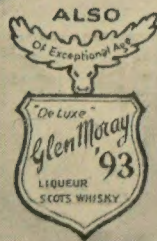


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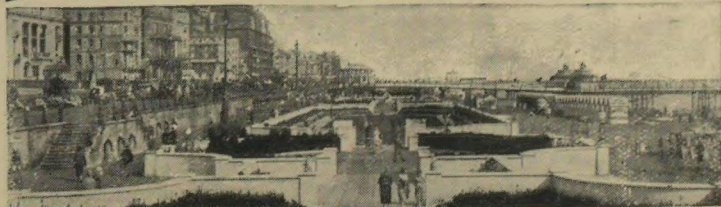
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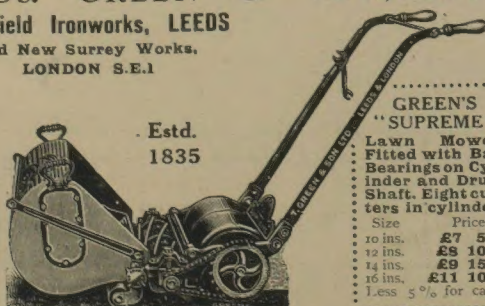
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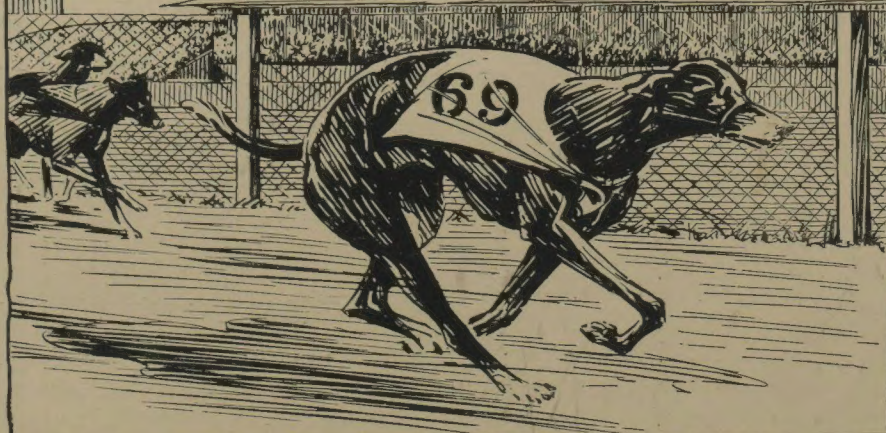
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SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1928.

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**THE ORIGINAL ALICE OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND": THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPH OF ALICE LIDDELL—
NOW MRS. REGINALD HARGREAVES, VENDOR OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT SOLD FOR £15,400.**

Alice Pleasance Liddell (now Mrs. Reginald Hargreaves), whom Lewis Carroll (the Rev. C. L. Dodgson) made the heroine of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," and to whom he gave the manuscript, is the youngest daughter of the late Dean Liddell. She was present at Sotheby's when

the MS. was sold for £15,400. The famous story originated on July 4, 1862, when the author took her and her two sisters for a row from Oxford to Godstow, as described in his dedicatory verses: "Alice! a childish story take, and . . . lay it where childhood's dreams are twined."

LEWIS CARROLL'S OWN "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" DRAWINGS: THE BASIS OF TENNIEL'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEY AND CO.

84

it without lobsters, you know. Which shall sing?"
"Oh! you sing!" said the Gryphon,
"I've forgotten the words."

So they began solemnly dancing round and round Alice, every now and then treading on her toes when they came too close, and waving their fore-paws to mark the time, while the Mock Turtle sang slowly and sadly, these words:

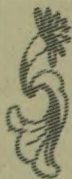
"Beneath the waters of the sea
Are lobsters thick as thick can be—
They love to dance with you and me,
My own, my gentle Salmon!"

The Gryphon joined in singing the chorus, which was:

"Salmon come up! Salmon go down!
Salmon come twist your tail around!
Of all the fishes of the sea
There's none so good as Salmon!"



"O MOUSE, DO YOU KNOW THE WAY OUT OF THIS POOL? I AM VERY TIRED OF SWIMMING ABOUT HERE, O MOUSE!" ALICE AND THE MOUSE IN THE POOL OF TEARS.



"THEN, YOU KNOW," THE MOCK TURTLE WENT ON, "YOU THROW THE—" "THE LOBSTERS!" SHOUTED THE GRYPHON, WITH A BOUND INTO THE AIR."

33

are ferrets! Where can I have dropped them, I wonder?" Alice guessed in a moment that it was looking for the nosegay and the pair of white kid gloves, and she began hunting for them, but they were now nowhere to be seen—everything seemed to have changed since her swim in the pool, and her walk along the river-bank with its fringe of rushes and forget-me-nots, and the glass table and the little door had vanished.

Soon the rabbit noticed Alice, as she stood looking curiously about her, and at once said in a quick angry tone, "why, Mary Ann! what are you doing out here? Go home this moment, and look on my dressing-table for my gloves and nosegay, and fetch them here, as quick as you can run, do you hear?" and Alice was so much frightened that she ran off at once, without



quite dull and stupid for things to go on in the common way.
So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake.
"Curiouser and curiouser!" cried Alice, (she was so surprised that she quite forgot how to speak good English) "now I'm opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Goodbye, feet!" (for when she looked down at her feet, they seemed almost out of sight; they were getting so far off!) "oh, my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I'm sure I can't! I shall be a great deal too far off to bother myself about you: you must manage the best way you can—but I must be kind to them," thought Alice, "or perhaps they won't walk the way I want to go! Let me see: I'll give them a new pair of boots every Christmas."
And she went on planning to herself how she would manage it:



as she hurried back to the little door, but the little door was locked again, and the little gold key was lying on the glass table as before, and "things are worse than ever!" thought the poor little girl, "for I never was as small as this before, never! And I declare it's too bad, it is!"

At this moment her foot slipped, and splash! she was up to her chin in salt water. Her first idea was that she had fallen into the sea: then she remembered that she was under ground, and she soon made out that it was the pool of tears she had wept when she was nine feet high. "I wish I hadn't cried so much!" said Alice, as she swam about, trying to find her way out, "I shall be punished for it now, I suppose, by being drowned in my own tears! Well! that'll



"THE POOL WAS GETTING CROWDED WITH BIRDS AND ANIMALS THAT HAD FALLEN INTO IT: THERE WERE A DUCK AND A DODO, A LORY AND AN EAGLET. . . ALICE LED THE WAY, AND THE WHOLE PARTY SWAM TO SHORE."



"SHE WENT ON GROWING AND GROWING, AND VERY SOON HAD TO KNEEL DOWN ON THE FLOOR: IN ANOTHER MINUTE THERE WAS NOT EVEN ROOM FOR THIS, AND SHE TRIED THE EFFECT OF LYING DOWN."

The great feature of interest in the original manuscript of Lewis Carroll's immortal story, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," which recently realised the enormous sum of £15,400, is the fact that it contains thirty-seven pen-and-ink drawings by the author himself illustrating scenes in the tale. These drawings formed the basis of Sir John Tenniel's famous illustrations, and, as will be seen from the eight examples of Lewis Carroll's work given above, Tenniel followed most of them very closely in general composition, if not in detail. The whole manuscript, which was written in the years 1862-3, contains ninety-two pages, with illuminated title and dedication, and, pasted at the end, one of the author's

photographs of the original Alice—namely, Alice Liddell (now Mrs. Hargreaves), to whom he gave the manuscript. Another of his photographs of her at that period is reproduced on the front page of this number. She attended the sale at Sotheby's on April 3, when the MS. was sold on her behalf, and fell to Dr. Rosenbach, the well-known American book expert, for the above-mentioned sum, the highest ever paid for a single book at auction in this country. The previous highest was the £15,100 given for a Shakespeare volume at the Britwell sale in 1919. Dr. Rosenbach made it known that he would hold the MS. at the disposal of the British nation at the price he paid for it.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALICE."

ONE OF LEWIS CARROLL'S "LITTLE GIRLS."



"I LIKE PICTURES."



READY FOR A WALK WITH MR. DODGSON.



"WAS ALICE LIKE ME?"



"PLEASE GO ON!"



DREAMING OF ALICE.



DAY-DREAMS ABOUT ALICE.



LIVING IN ALICE'S WORLD.



DRESSED AS A NEW ZEALANDER.

Since the announcement of the sale of the original MS. of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll (Charles Dodgson), which fell to an American bidder for £15,400, several ladies who, as little girls, were friends of the author, have recalled memories of him. These photographs, taken by him in his rooms at Christ Church, Oxford, all show Ella Monier-Williams (now Mrs. Bickersteth, of Canterbury), daughter of the late Sir M. Monier-Williams, Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford. In a recent letter to the "Times," Mrs. Bickersteth said: "It was over sixty years ago that he used to visit my father. Among my earliest recollections is being taken by my mother to his rooms in Tom Quad

at Christ Church, again and again, to be photographed by him in some mood, costume, or attitude which caught his fancy, or in which his discerning eye saw the unconscious expression of childish pleasure, hope, or awe. Of these photographs I have a bundle precious to me. . . . The last time I saw Mr. Dodgson, not long before his death (in 1898), was at the Indian Institute at Oxford, when, full of characteristic teasing, as usual, he tried to prove to me, the mother of six sons, how infinitely superior he considered girls to boys; and that was indeed a settled conviction he was always ready to defend." One writer recalling Mr. Dodgson describes herself as "yet another of Lewis Carroll's 'little girls.'"

BY COURTESY OF MRS. ELLA C. F. BICKERSTETH (NÉE ELLA MONIER-WILLIAMS), THE "SUBJECT" AND OWNER OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE other day I was dipping into the bound volume of the essays called "The Way the World is Going," contributed to a leading newspaper by Mr. H. G. Wells. I know that Mr. Wells is a dangerous man to dip into—first, because you will go on reading, since all that he writes is intensely interesting; and second, because you will very probably receive a wrong impression, since much of what he writes in one place seems rather inconsistent with what he writes in another. Sometimes this is further complicated by his having a sort of double or shadow called Bliss or Clissold, who is and is not himself. For instance, I am sure that Wells was not himself, I hope even that Clissold was not himself, when he suggested that most Catholic priests could be bribed to desert the Church for a better salary. It was, as I have said, exactly like saying that the whole of Kitchener's armies would have gone over to the Germans at Mons for so many marks a head. Let us hope that was but the wild cry of Clissold when he had escaped from being Wells. But such a memory of the war brings up other interesting matters treated in this book. The impression that remains with me for the moment is that, with all his warnings, he is much too optimistic. He says that all men now have a brighter outlook. Whether or no it be true, in the only sense in which it can possibly be true, it would perhaps be even truer of everybody in 1913. It is true, and even obvious, that a certain kind of progress or improvement is going on in the modern world. But that kind of progress was going on already, when it progressed into the World War.

I do not agree with Mr. H. G. Wells (or Clissold) that the Great War was a war that settled nothing, any more than I agreed with Mr. H. G. Wells that it was the war that would end war. It was quite enough for me, from the first, that it was the war that would end Prussian prestige; and it did. Humanity will go on talking nonsense till the crack of doom, but it will be some other sort of nonsense, and not the sort which regarded a certain very dull North German as if he were not so much the god from the machine as the machine and the god as well. But it strikes me as very curious that most of those who think that the war was less than its promise have fallen into a very curious confusion about it. These reactionaries (as they may truly be called, since they are in a reaction even against their own enthusiasms) are now never tired of suggesting that the world rushed blindly on a blunder and a catastrophe. They then heave a sigh, relapse into a smile, and assure us that the world is now rushing (it would seem, equally blindly) upon a Utopia. Mr. Wells, if more vigilant, is so far with them in being content to say that he "sees no limit at all" to the mere expansion and evolution of human effort, and is willing to let it expand and evolve. In that sense he not only writes of the way the world is going, but seems content to let it go. I might almost say content to let it rip. Anyhow, he does not seem to anticipate that it will rip with quite such a rending agony and destruction as it did when last it was inclined that way. Of course, I am writing in a rough summary of the situation; I do not mean that Mr. Wells has not very reasonable warnings to offer even to the new world. I am well aware that few men have urged more earnestly his own schemes for

international rearrangement. I am speaking of a spirit that seems to me to pervade the work of his school: a suggestion that now at least the world is more enlightened, and that, so long as it follows that light, we have now a reasonable chance of coming out into the broad daylight. It is what a critic of Mr. Wells, somewhat more hostile than I am, has described as the Great Rosy Dawn.

But in all this there appears to me one strange outstanding error. If these people are right in saying that the Great War was produced by vast international forces, moving towards it before its immediate occasion, it seems to me quite obvious that the forces that moved thus were very like the forces moving now. In short, if the catastrophe was produced by historical movements, it was produced by progressive movements. It was exactly the men who were regarded as reformers

man who regarded himself as bringing in rational and scientific ideas, instead of barbarous and superstitious ideas. The French Revolution produced Napoleon; and Napoleon produced the heaven of democratic legislation in Europe. If Frederick the Great had not been a French free-thinker in his type of culture, he would never have wanted to regulate and rationalise the Teutonic type of barbarism. If Peter the Great had been content to leave all his sleepy Slavs in their immemorial sleep, he would have done much less for civilisation, but much more for peace. It was a Prussian Atheist who produced Prussian militarism. It was something very like a Russian Anarchist who produced the Russian despotism. It was naturally the Revolution that produced the Revolutionary Wars. If France had not been revolutionised, if Prussia had not been (partially) civilised, if Russia had not been very partially Western-

ised, I take it as certain that the great rivalries and enthusiasms that clashed in 1914 would not only never have come into conflict, but would never have come into existence. Three very modern States, founded by very modern modernists—the French Republic, the German Empire, and the experiment of Peter at Petersburg—had this ultimate effect of unchaining the most ancient of the enemies of man.

I am stating these things impersonally, in an impartial historical sense, without reference to the fact that I rather like some of these liberal movements, and heartily loathe others. The point is: can we go safely forward, with very little to go on beyond a conviction that our views are liberal? The men I have mentioned were no mere well-meaning sentimentalists. The point is not that they meant well, but that they meant scientifically, meant systematically, meant everything that Mr. Wells means. If Diderot and Condorcet, setting out to make a universal brotherhood, brought about a universal war, will it not be well to examine rather more carefully our own brotherly conceptions? If a man who tried to spread French ideas in Germany left a lasting and furious hatred between Germans and Frenchmen, may we not guess that enlightenment itself needs to be a little enlightened? I take these symbolic figures merely for convenience; the question is, of course, much wider and more atmospheric. And what I complain of in the current ideas, especially the international ideas of the

present time, is that they are really taken far more lazily and vaguely than Frederick took the ideas of the French free-thinkers, or Napoleon took the ideas of the French Revolution. For instance, the old Radical doctrine of Free Trade was sometimes narrow in principle and disappointing in practice; but the old Radicals did know what they were going to do with Free Trade a great deal better than the modern monopolists know what they are going to do with Monopoly. The theory of representative government was thought out more thoroughly than is, for instance, the theory of modern advertisement. At this moment the popular instinct seems to be, not so much looking to see the way the world is going as letting the world go as it likes, and looking to see what happens next. It seems to me not unlikely that it will resemble what happened last.



A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEWIS CARROLL (WHOSE MS. OF "ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND" HAS BEEN SOLD TO AN AMERICAN FOR £15,400): "FAIR ROSAMOND"—A FANCY-DRESS GROUP TAKEN IN 1863, THE YEAR IN WHICH HE FINISHED THE MANUSCRIPT.

The manuscript of Lewis Carroll's "Alice," recently sold for Mrs. Alice Hargreaves (the original Alice) and bought by Dr. Rosenbach for £15,400, bears date July 1862–February 1863. The above photograph was taken by Lewis Carroll (Charles Dodgson) at Oxford in June 1863, and shows two of his little girl friends in fancy dress—Annie M. Rogers as Queen Eleanor (on the right) and Mary Jackson as Fair Rosamond. In a recent letter to the "Times" Miss Rogers writes: "My acquaintance with Lewis Carroll began very early in the 'sixties. He often photographed me both in the ugly dress children wore then, and in fancy dress, and in slight costume. Though he was known not to care much for little boys, he also photographed two of my brothers, and stood godfather to a third. I remember seeing the manuscript of 'Alice.' My own presentation copy is dated, in the author's own handwriting, November 14, 1865."—[By Courtesy of Miss Rogers.]

and rationalists who did start the great international split. Of course, I do not myself admit that the war was not due to immediate provocation. I should say, in my simple and practical way, that the war was due to the men who declared war, to the men who forced war on Serbia, to the men who forced war on Belgium. But if we are to carry our speculations backwards, generation behind generation, to the ultimate responsibility of Adam and Eve, I have no doubt of the intermediate personalities upon whom I should pause. And they were persons who thought themselves as advanced and enlightened as Mr. H. G. Wells. If I had to choose three men who made the materials of war, I should select Frederick the Great and Peter the Great and Napoleon.

Each of these three men was a reformer. Each of them was a free-thinker. Each of them was a

THE FLEET AS THE AFGHAN KING SAW IT: HEAVY WEATHER.



THE BATTLE-CRUISER H.M.S. "HOOD" TURNING AT FULL SPEED WITH HER EIGHT 15-INCH GUNS (IN DOUBLE TURRETS) ELEVATED FOR A BROADSIDE: AN INCIDENT OF THE NAVAL DISPLAY IN HEAVY SEAS OFF PORTLAND, WATCHED (FROM THE "NELSON") BY THE KING OF AFGHANISTAN.



"THE SIGHT OF THESE GREAT SHIPS LOOMING OUT OF THE MIST AHEAD AND STEAMING PAST AT FULL SPEED AGAINST THE WIND, WITH THE SEAS BREAKING OVER THEIR FORECASTLES, WAS MAGNIFICENT": THE BATTLE-CRUISERS "REPULSE" AND "RENOWN" AS SEEN BY KING AMANULLAH FROM H.M.S. "NELSON."

The naval display given by the Atlantic Fleet in honour of the King of Afghanistan, off Portland on April 3, took place in heavy weather, which marred the spectacular side of the proceedings, but in other ways rendered them more impressive. King Amanullah came aboard the flag-ship "Nelson," accompanied by Prince George, and was received by Vice-Admiral Sir Hubert Brand, Commander-in-Chief, and the First Lord of the Admiralty. The "Nelson" flew the Afghan royal standard and national flag, and a special structure with glass windows had been built as an observation-post for the King on top of the conning tower platform. "What would have proved two

of the most popular events [says the "Times"], the full-calibre firings of the 'Rodney' and the battle-cruiser squadron, had unfortunately to be cancelled owing to the thick weather. The 'Hood,' 'Repulse,' and 'Renown,' however, went through the programme without actually firing, and the sight of these three great ships looming out of the mist ahead and steaming past the 'Nelson' at full speed against the wind, with the seas breaking over their forecastles, was a magnificent one." Other events abandoned were submarine attacks and operations of naval aircraft from the "Furious." A flying-boat, however, circled round the "Nelson," and destroyers attacked her with torpedoes.

OUR UNFAMILIAR WORLD: CURIOSITIES BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



EIGHT ZEBRAS TRAINED TO PULL A WAGON: A RARE SIGHT IN ZULULAND, WHERE ZEBRAS SWARM, AND ARE SHOT AS PESTS.

"These eight zebras," writes a Maritzburg correspondent, "not only tamed, but actually inspanned, belong to Mr. J. Dunn, of Dunn's Reserve, Tugela Mouth, Zululand. They were first inspanned along with donkeys, and at length trained to work alone. They are now pulling a transport wagon regularly between Tugela Mouth and Inyoni. In Northern Zululand zebras are specially excluded from the game laws, and may be shot all the year round. Even so their numbers are so large that the Government have sent a special party to shoot them in an area which is being cleared of large game to protect settlements from isetse fly."



A ZEBRA KILLED BY A LION BEING DRAGGED AWAY BY NATIVES: SEVEN MEN NEEDED TO DO WHAT THE LION DID ALONE.

A good idea of the lion's strength may be gathered from this photograph, which shows seven natives dragging the "kill" with difficulty over a beaten track. The lion had dragged it alone for fifty yards, breaking down the reeds as he went. The incident occurred near Rumuruti, on the Laikipia plateau, in Kenya Colony, where lions are still common in spite of the influx of settlers.



A SUMATRA GIRL (RIGHT) RECOVERED FROM SEVERE BITES BY A CROCODILE (SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH): A PATIENT AT THE KOENDOER LEPER COLONY, WITH NURSE HARVEY, OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

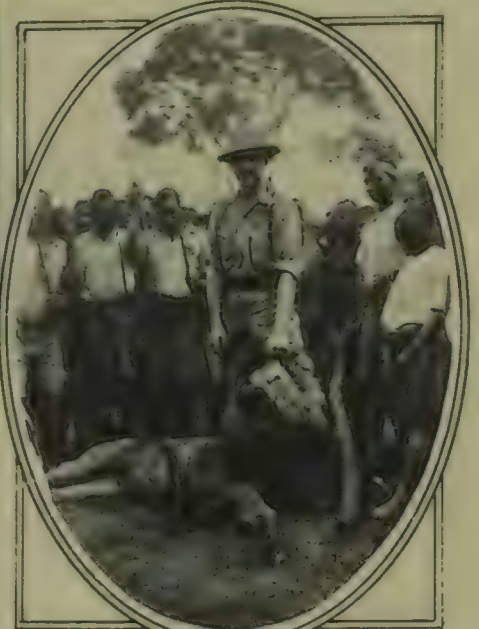
With the above photograph and that adjoining it comes the following description, from the Salvation Army Leper Colony at Koendoer, on the River Moesi, Southern Sumatra. "One morning a canoe called at our colony. A girl standing partly in the water to load firewood was

(Continued in centre.)



THE CROCODILE THAT BIT THE WOMAN SEEN IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION: A SCENE AT THE SALVATION ARMY LEPER COLONY, KOENDOER, SUMATRA; WITH THE DIRECTOR AND NURSE.

Continued. We went to the rescue in our motor-boat, and found her severely hurt. The whole hip flesh was torn away, and she had about twenty other wounds. We gave her first aid and took her to our colony. Crocodiles usually return to the spot where they found their prey, so the girl's family baited an iron hook with a chicken, and after three days they got him. The colony is in charge of Adjutant and Mrs. Uijlings, who are Dutch. The nurse is Commander M. Harvey, an Englishwoman."



A MISSIONARY KILLS A MAN-EATER: MR. JOHN BROWN, OF THE UNITED FREE CHURCH MISSION, WITH THE LION HE SHOT AT LIVINGSTONIA, NYASALAND.

Following tracks covered by the blood of the lion's victim, a boy going to evening school, Mr. Brown and a number of schoolboys and apprentices surrounded the wood where the lion lay in hiding. With some of the bolder natives he then entered the wood and shot the lion.



HOW INDIAN CULTIVATORS LIVE, TO PROTECT THEIR CROPS FROM WILD ANIMALS: A DWELLING REMINISCENT OF THE FILM "CHANG."

"This is a not uncommon method of living accommodation," writes a correspondent, "for cultivators all over India, who scare away wild animals, such as elephants, that destroy crops at night, by shouting and noises."



A "RECORD" IN TATTERED SAILS! THE REMARKABLE RIG OF A CHINESE JUNK ON THE YANGTSE AT CHINKIANG.

This Chinese junk on the Yangtze, off Chinkiang, must surely hold the record for tattered rigging. The correspondent who sends the photograph says: "I have seen some well-worn sails, but this is about the limit."



MODERN ARCHITECTURE IN THE CAPITAL OF ABYSSINIA: THE MENELIK MEMORIAL NOW IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION AT ADDIS ABABA.

This fine memorial building to the late Emperor Menelik, in a style of architecture that would be appropriate to any European capital, may be taken as an indication of modernising tendencies in Abyssinia, under the influence of the progressive Regent, Ras Tafari. Menelik, it may be recalled, became Emperor of Abyssinia in 1889, and died in 1913.



A LEAF THAT WOULD MAKE A COMPLETE DRESS: THE GIANT KLADDI COMPARED WITH THE SIZE OF A WOMAN.

This remarkable photograph, which was taken by Mr. W. T. Uhlenhuth, reaches us from Sumatra. The enormous leaf is described as "the giant Kladdi." It might make a complete costume!

OUR UNFAMILIAR WORLD: CURIOSITIES BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



A WAR OF EXTERMINATION IN SOUTH AFRICA: FARMERS TAKE THE FIELD AGAINST THE JACKALS THAT PREY ON THEIR FLOCKS—A BURGHER "COMMANDO," PART OF A FORCE OF SIX HUNDRED MEN MOBILISED AGAINST THE PESTS.

Six hundred South African farmers recently assembled in the Maquassi Mountains to wage war against the jackals that do great damage to their flocks. There were three "generals," commanding divisions of the force, and the operations were conducted with the systematic strategy of a military campaign. An advance was made across a series of ridges leading up to the main jackal stronghold. A body of marksmen spread out in a semi-circle about two miles long, while a crescent of beaters



THE FIRST JACKAL SHOT: AN INCIDENT DURING A SOUTH AFRICAN CAMPAIGN AGAINST THESE FARM PESTS, WAGED WITH SHOT-GUNS, POISON-GAS, AND DYNAMITE.

came towards them, backed by mounted men. "A feature of the operations," says a South African paper, "has been the work of the dynamiting squad and the poison gang. When a hole is reached, it is examined, and terriers can indicate whether there is a jackal inside or not. A mine is then placed in the hole, and the fuse is ignited. The charge brings the hole crashing in, and the fumes of the explosion kill the jackals. Powdered cyanide is also employed."



THE SUPPRESSION OF OPIUM-SMUGGLING IN CHINESE TURKESTAN: A GROUP OF OFFICIALS IN THE MARKET SQUARE AT KASHGAR, WITH THREE CAPTURED SMUGGLERS (IN FRONT) AND OPIUM STACKED FOR BURNING.

This photograph shows part of a large consignment of about 2000 lb. of smuggled opium captured by the Chinese authorities near the frontier. Three of the smugglers are sitting in front. The one on the right was wounded in the encounter when they were caught. In the front row of the group behind are (from left to right, beginning with the second figure from the left), Mr. Tao, Chinese Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Mr. G. Sherriff, British Vice-Consul; Mr. F. Williamson, British Consul-General; Mr. Taoyin, of Kashgar; and Mr. Tao, Amban of Kashgar. On the extreme right is Mr. Chu, Chinese Secretary at the British Consulate-General.



A DOG CARRIED IN A PALANQUIN BY AFRICAN PIGMIES: A CURIOUS INCIDENT OF A GORILLA HUNT IN THE CONGO.

This incident occurred during a British expedition, consisting of Colonel F. H. Fenn, D.S.O., and Mr. W. F. Burgess, a member of a well-known Boston family, which lately visited the Belgian Congo to hunt the gorilla and study its habits.



A ROMAN ALTAR (WITH FIGURES OF EARTH GODDESSES) AS A LANCASHIRE CHURCH FONT: AN INTERESTING FIRST-CENTURY RELIC IDENTIFIED AT LUND. The font in Lund Church, near Preston, has been identified as a Roman altar dedicated to the *Dea Matres* (mother goddesses) worshipped during the Roman occupation of Britain. The front bears effigies of the goddesses.



SWALLOWING LIVE GUDGEON IN WINE: CIVIC OFFICIALS OF GRAMONT KEEPING A CURIOUS OLD CUSTOM.

A strange old custom is observed (as for many centuries) at Gramont, in Belgium, on Carnival Sunday. The authorities meet at an ancient chapel on "the Old Mountain," where litanies to the Virgin are sung. They then offer to the Dean and magistrates a bowl of wine containing live gudgeon. Each has to swallow the contents.



WITH NARROW KNEE-HOLES FOR PENITENTS: THE BASE OF A UNIQUE MEDIEVAL WEeping CROSS AT RIPLEY, NEAR HARROGATE.

In the churchyard at Ripley stands the base and socket-stone (for a crucifix) of a mediæval Penitential or Weeping Cross, believed to be unique in England. Its age is estimated at from 600 to 800 years. Round the base are eight knee-holes.



The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



THE SUNDAY FILM SOCIETY.—FILMS FOR THE CHILDREN.

OF all the Sunday societies banded together in the cause of Art, not one, to my thinking, has a better claim to recognition or serves a more useful purpose than the Film Society. I say this not only because it occasionally fills a somewhat arid English Sunday afternoon with an excellent entertainment, which, if it varies in quality—as perforce it must—has always something of interest and something of beauty to show, nor because it gives the "Intelligentsia" of the film-world (believe me, there is such a thing) a chance to foregather. No, the Sunday Film Society has made good its position with far weightier weapons than these.

Its chief aim is to give the film enthusiast a chance of seeing pictures that would not, in the ordinary course of events, be shown elsewhere. In other words, the non-commercial film. One or two of the films thus introduced to London have eventually found their way to the commercial kinemas, which merely goes to prove the tendency of the box-office point of view to underrate the taste of the average audience. To the Film Society we owe our first glimpse of that new fairyland created by a woman's nimble fingers and a pair of scissors. The charming silhouette pictures of Lotte Reiniger were bound to be popular, for they add a captivating note to the fantasy of the screen, a note as definite in its way as Rackham's illustrations to folklore and fairy-tale. Yet they were not acquired for public showing until the members of the Film Society had hailed them with unanimous enthusiasm. Another fine piece of work, amazingly alive, is "Berlin," a pictorial symphony of a great city, which, together with its specially composed music, held a large audience spellbound one Sunday afternoon. This remarkable German production will undoubtedly invade the screen of a commercial cinema before long. It cannot fail in its effect. But, apart from such "popular winners," the continual quest of the Film Society Council has resulted in bringing many interesting films to our ken. Members of the Council are in touch with the film-producing firms in many countries, and are generally successful in finding the right material. Delays may occur, I am told, because some of the firms approached find it difficult to realise that their offerings will not be taken by the ordinary commercial cinema, but a policy of patience overcomes this difficulty. Incidentally, their optimism and its disappointment indicates how sadly we still lag behind foreign appreciation of the Art of the Kinema! There are, as a matter of fact, a number of fine films showing abroad which would never reach our shores were it not for the Film Society, its Council, and its founder, Mr. Montagu, who fares forth periodically to the happy hunting-grounds of art—to Russia, to Stockholm, to Berlin—and returns with a bagful of treasure. In addition to the main feature of each programme, the Council have had the happy thought of including, amongst ultra-modern products, short films of the earliest period of cinematography. The result is an object lesson in screen-history that must convince the most rabid anti-filmite of the progress of film production.

Technically, of course, the advance of cinematography has proceeded by leaps and bounds—no matter for surprise, perhaps, in a medium of such enormous scope. But the really amazing change lies in the histrionic aspect of the film. A version of "Ben-Hur," produced twenty years ago by Frank Rose and Sidney Olcott, was included in the Film Society's last programme. Its "sixteen magnificent scenes" (vide the original programme) consisted of painted canvas sets and pot-shrubs worthy of a back-parlour charade. Some twenty-odd supers were evidently deemed sufficient to indicate the surging crowds of Jerusalem and Rome, and, although four chariots, each with its team of four black steeds, did actually appear, there was no attempt at a race. As for the actors, their efforts were ludicrous in their exaggeration; their gestures seemed a parody of amateurs

involved in the serious business of melodrama—in short, it is well-nigh impossible to believe that this "Ben-Hur" was not a supremely successful burlesque. It was, on the contrary, a very serious and ambitious undertaking. And yet there are anti-filmites who will not admit the youthful indiscretions of cinematography, nor perceive its progress, nor accept its future. Not, I would add, its future as the ultra-modern producer seeks it, in sundry Vorticist

sphere, is a thing that must be seriously faced.

One of the most important questions in this respect is that of films for children. The claims of the children and the unsuitability—in some cases the bad effects—of "grown-up" films for their entertainment are matters that have been widely discussed of late. I voiced my own opinions in the columns of this paper more than a year ago; I therefore rejoice to find that at last a very definite step has been taken

by an important exhibitor, Mr. Bernstein, the owner of a large group of kinemas. At his side, his *aide-de-camp* and the organiser of his Children's Film Section, stands Miss J. M. Harvey, the indefatigable secretary of the Sunday Film Society. Their campaign has already started. It consists of a Saturday morning programme for children, which, commencing at the Willesden Empire, will gradually extend to all the Bernstein theatres. Miss Harvey dreams of carrying her standard much further afield—into the heart of Kensington, for instance, an excellent centre for children—and hopes that provincial exhibitors will follow Mr. Bernstein's example. At any rate, the first step has been taken, and with complete success. The Willesden Empire, opening its doors to the youngsters at 10.30 a.m. a fortnight ago, was packed to overflowing—indeed, a hundred children had to be reluctantly turned away. They came in little family parties, for the most part, very few elders amongst them. Imagine it!—2000 youngsters, averaging about nine years, shouting with glee over the adventures of "Robinson Crusoe" and the quaint doings of the "Zoo" inhabitants! Nature films and an *Æsop* Fable found them equally receptive, equally quick to take up a point or to express their delight. Their own programme, not in a hall or in school, which robs the "treat" of half its glamour, but in a real cinema, with all the advantages of good music and fine projection (and at threepence per head)—it filled them with pride and glee. "Peter Pan" and "Nelson" took their places in turn as the main feature of Miss Harvey's programmes for children. This is the thin end of the wedge indeed; something actually done in the matter of catering for youthful entertainment. It has been suggested that a Central Bureau should be formed for distributing suitable films to all kinemas, and that, it appears to me, might facilitate the progress of the less enterprising exhibitor, who finds it difficult to break fresh ground. Mr. Bernstein's plucky move marks another forward step in the right direction.

THE PALLADIUM.

In an attempt to reconcile the interests of the stage and the screen, the Palladium has adopted a policy of "fifty-fifty." Its programmes include several variety turns and two full-length films. On the occasion of my visit, a story of the boxing ring and a modern version of "The Wreck of the Hesperus" were divided by an interlude of dancing, by a club-expert and a couple of singers, plus a piano. The "turns" were quite good of their kind, and undoubtedly popular. The two films shown were well up to the average standard. But, possibly because I really enjoy a good film and am ready to admit it, I find it difficult to transfer my attention from the shadow-world of the screen to the curious crafts of the music-hall performer. Strangely enough, that silent company of pictured men and women seems to be so much more real—at any rate, to convey so much more meaning—than the songs about "blues" and "ye-oos," and the acrobatics of the flesh-and-blood artists. Such a film as "Chicago" (at the Palladium on April 9), with its vivid heroine, superbly played by the blonde Phyllis Haver, is so powerful in its ruthless portrait of a certain type of woman, its grip on our attention, its spell on our imagination so great (I am not here discussing the merits or demerits of the film) that it creates a definite mood in which I personally find it difficult to turn to the lightsome trivialities of a variety-show. Others, however, may welcome the puff-pastry round the meat.



CHARLIE CHAPLIN WITHOUT HIS FAMOUS MAKE-UP: THE GREAT FILM ACTOR POSING BEFORE THE LION'S CAGE BEFORE ENTERING IT IN HIS FAMILIAR GUISE IN "THE CIRCUS."

affairs of wildly-careering lights and shadows very irritating to the normal eye, but possibly fraught with meaning for the "Intelligentsia." These, too,



CHARLIE CHAPLIN IN THE LION'S DEN, IN WHICH HE HAS SOUGHT REFUGE FROM A MILITANT MULE! A SCENE FROM "THE CIRCUS."

Charlie Chaplin's latest film, "The Circus," is at the New Gallery and, very deservedly, is a great success. As usual, the famous film comedian gives to the comic character he plays that touch of simple pathos which makes even his wildest, most eccentric, studies so human and so appealing.

may be seen at the New Gallery when the Sunday Film Society holds the screen—ephemeral experiments that will simmer down in due course, interesting merely because they are experiments.

But the future of the cinema as it affects the people in its ever-growing popularity, its ever-widening

THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE: A COMPANY IN LONDON— SCENES AND PLAYERS.



THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE COMPANY (NOW AT THE GARRICK) IN ONE OF THEIR PRODUCTIONS: A SCENE FROM "ARMUTH IST KEINE SÜNDE" ("POVERTY IS NO DISGRACE"), BY VON OSTROWSKI.

Great interest has been aroused by the first appearance in this country of a company of the Moscow Art Theatre, which opened a four-weeks' season at the Garrick Theatre on April 7. The Moscow Art Theatre, whose members are said to be "all anti-Bolshevists," is one of the best-known in the world, and since leaving Soviet Russia has appeared almost everywhere except in England. It was

[Continued in No. 2.]



MME. GRETCH AS ANNA IVANOVNA.



MME. GRETCH AS CLEMENSKY.



MME. TOKARSKAIA AS NASTENKA.



MME. TOKARSKAIA AS KWASCHNJA IN "L'ASYLE DE NUIT."



M. ESPA AS JAITCHNITZA.



MME. M. K. RUANOVSKA AS LIEUBOR GORDEEVNA



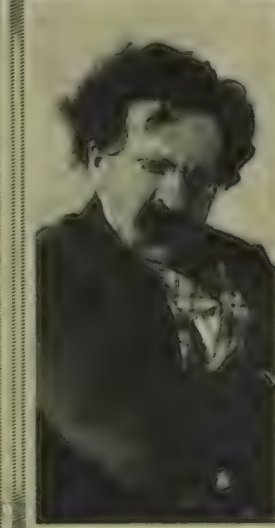
THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE COMPANY (NOW RUNNING A LONDON SEASON AT THE GARRICK THEATRE) IN A PLAY BY DOSTOIEVSKY.



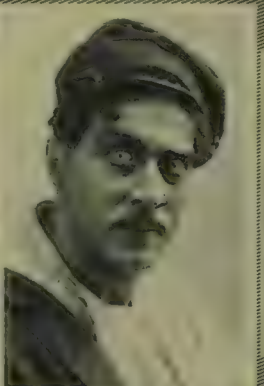
M. PAVLOV AS PODKOLESIN IN "MARRIAGE."



M. PAVLOV AS LUKA IN "L'ASYLE DE NUIT."



M. PAVLOV AS ALEXANDROFF IN TOLSTOY'S "THE LIVING CORPSE."



M. VIRUBOV AS PEPEL.



M. VIRUBOV AS KOSHTAREV.



M. VIRUBOV AS NIKITA IN TOLSTOY'S "THE POWER OF DARKNESS."



M. VASSILIEV AS RASTIULIAEV.



M. VASSILIEV AS BARON.



M. VASSILIEV AS ANUTSCHKIN IN "MARRIAGE."

very successful in New York. The original company was founded and headed by its director, M. Stanislavsky, and Tchekhov's widow, who created most of the leading parts in his plays. It was the Moscow Art Theatre, in fact, that "discovered" Tchekhov. The members of the company have acted together for a considerable period, and are noted for their "team work" and their "no star" system. The leading player in one piece often has a minor part in the next, and vice-versa. The Moscow Art Theatre owes its inception, it is said, to our own Lyceum; and

[Continued in No. 3]



A SCENE FROM TOLSTOY'S "THE POWER OF DARKNESS": NIKITA (KNEELING) MAKES PUBLIC CONFESSION OF HAVING MURDERED HIS MASTER, FARMER PETER, AND IS ARRESTED.

many of its later ideas to Mr. Gordon Craig's work abroad. The London season at the Garrick opened with "The Brothers Karamazov," by Dostoevsky, and the first week's programme also contained Tchekhov's "The Cherry Orchard" and Gorky's "The Lowest Depths." The plays are given in Russian, and translations are sold with the tickets. An English synopsis of all the thirty-two plays to be given has been prepared. Among them, it may be mentioned, is an adaptation of Dickens's Christmas story, "The Battle of Life."

THE FOUNDER OF THE VANDERBILT FORTUNE: "CORNEEL."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"COMMODORE VANDERBILT": By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH.*

(PUBLISHED BY PHILIP ALLAN AND CO.)

DID Wells wish to "outline" the Commodore, he could do no better than quote that indignant worthy's note to Messrs. Morgan and Garrison—

"GENTLEMEN,—You have undertaken to cheat me. I will not sue you because the law takes too long. I will ruin you.—Sincerely yours, CORNELIUS VAN DERBILT."

There is the man—ruthless, imperious, certain of himself; the intolerant, intrepid fighter with the bare knuckles, giving no quarter and asking none.

He was ever the same, from impatient boyhood to irascible old age; from the day on which his mother lent him a hundred dollars from the scant savings stored behind the pendulum of her clock, that he might buy a periauger and ply as ferryman between Staten Island and New York, until the dark hour in which he died, defiantly but piously,



THE FOUNDER OF THE VANDERBILT FORTUNE: COMMODORE VANDERBILT, WHO ROSE FROM FERRY-MAN TO RAILWAY MAGNATE WORTH A HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS.

worth a hundred million dollars or so. "At sixteen he had elaborated the tactics he practised to the day of his death. He was honest in his dealings with all men; he would go to any extent to make good his word; he tried to set a fair price on his services. But he was absolutely un-conciliatory; he didn't care what people thought about him." The only person for whom he had any respect was "Ma," that Phebe Hand whose very son he was. To her alone Corneel would turn if doubt assailed him, which was seldom enough. She alone had some influence upon him: "The electric energy of her character made the sluggish Dutch blood sparkle in his veins." As to Pa: "He don't know he's alive. He's that slow—" And as to his wife, his first wife, the plucky, babe-bearing Sophia: "She was to work as hard as her Corneel, yes, harder—and be abominably mistreated by him. She was to provide the means for lifting him finally above the crowd of strivers—and little reward she had from him for it. She was to push his children into luxury by the sweat of her body and the labour of her two hands—and at the last most of them were secretly ashamed of her."

Cornelius Vanderbilt—"Van Derbilt he wrote himself, instead of Vander Bilt, the style of his father's generation"—was, in fact, as uncouth as he was self-centred: much richer even he before he was "that quaint Mr. Van Derbilt" and "the delightful old Commodore." But he had vision, and he was "a good provider." As a youngster he had no belief in "speckelation"; as a millionaire he took risks only when he was sure that he would win; but he was always ready to venture brain and brawn. "Ye got to make folks know ye'll run, come hell or high-water."

More: he was progressive, a "builder" working without thought for others and yet for the common weal.

The ferry enterprise developed into interest in the coasting trade, and he ran a schooner. Then for a while, "in common with most other boatmen, Corneel looked with utter contempt upon the clumsy, noisy steamboats which Messrs. Fulton and Livingston were operating on the Hudson and adjacent waters." For two years he was impervious to arguments. But on Dec. 31, 1817, when he was twenty-three, he came to a decision. "B'ilers," he muttered, closing his ledger. "Thar's whar the money's goin'. Steam's bound to beat sail, if ye give folks comfort and stowage."

"Figgerin' on steam-boatin'," he announced to Sophia and to Ma; and Phebe, knowing her boy, said: "If you 're goin' in for steam-boatin', stick to it, till you 're the biggest steamboat man thar be." "You jest watch me," he advised.

Finding a suitable job was difficult. The Fulton-Livingston monopoly had produced stagnation. Eventually he "hired out" to Thomas Gibbons (of the famous Ogden v. Gibbons lawsuit), and gained invaluable experience by remodelling the *Mouse of the Mountain* and skipping her between New York and New Brunswick, as part of a steam-boat and stage-coach line, by way of Trenton and the Delaware River, to Philadelphia. Also, he made the ferry pay, and persuaded his employer to build the *Bellona*, a larger craft, to his specifications. "In the meantime, too, Sophia was performing the great exploit of her drab life. She went to New Brunswick, with her children dragging at her heels, three of them, probably—she and Corneel were too busy to write down birth-dates in the family Bible, and there has been some doubt as to precisely when most of their offspring entered the world—and found the Half-way House a mess of filth and vermin. . . . In a few days she transformed it from the blackest plague-spot of the road to the most attractive stopping-place between New York and Philadelphia. . . . The Union Line was really the Van Derbilts, Corneel and Sophia."

The opposition strove to break their rivals. A writ of arrest was issued against the "Cap'n" for contravening the rights of the monopoly, in personally running an unlicensed steamer in New York waters. It could not be served, for the wily skipper took to hiding in a secret cupboard in the hold when Sheriff's Deputies were about; and on one trip, all the crew having been threatened with

on; cargo and baggage were properly stacked; the cabin and decks were swept and clean. And the girl at the tiller the one representative of owner and master."

Twelve years Corneel gave to the learning of his new trade. "B'ilers were bustin' sails on every river in the East." The son went to his mother. "Goin' to quit



IN "CORNEEL'S" DAY: ST. PAUL'S CHURCH AND BROADWAY, NEW YORK, IN 1831.

Gibbons 'n take the family to New York," he told Phebe Hand. "Buy me a steamer 'n start up a line on the Hudson." Her bright, squinty eyes, deep-set in her plump face, scrutinised him with merry indulgence. "Another jump, hey?" she commented. "What's Sophy say?" "I left her bawlin'."

Thirty-six he was then—"with a passel of kids on my hands"—and feeling that he must "clean up quick," or not at all. Attacking existing lines, he cut rates and "pinched it tight" at home until he won through. Again he saw into the future. "On June 13, 1836, the *Noelty* steamed from New York up the Hudson to Albany, against the tide, in twelve hours, burning anthracite coal under water-tube boilers by means of a forced-draught system, the invention of Dr. Elijah Nott, President of Union College. She required twenty tons of coal, costing 100 dollars, for the voyage, as contrasted with forty cords of wood, costing 240 dollars, previously consumed."

"In this Year One of the Age of Coal, 1836, Corneel doubled his income to 60,000 dollars, and in the ensuing three or four years reaped such a harvest as to merit his inclusion in a list of the city's rich men, a list which embraced sixteen millionaires, of whom an early biographer of Corneel remarked in 1886, 'Most of them are now forgotten.' Not that Corneel was a millionaire as yet, you understand. Indeed, he ranked quite low on the roster of success. 'Cornelius Van Derbilt, 750,000 dollars,' recited the compiler, 'of an old Dutch root; has evinced more go-aheaditiveness than any other single Dutchman ever possessed. It takes our American hot suns to clear off the fogs and vapours of the Zuyder Zee and wake up the phlegm of old Holland.'"

1836 was one landmark. 1849, of the Gold Rush, was another, when "word came from California of the shiny, yellow particles found in the millrace of John Sutter's new sawmill on the South Fork of the American. . . . A great year, '49. One of the four Shining Years in American history, ranking in significance with '76, '65, and '18."

Corneel had his opportunity. "In three years his name was as often spoken, from the Narrows to the Golden Gate, as the President's," for he it was who founded the famous Lake Nicaragua route to California: "I'm goin' to organise a way to git across Nicaragua easier than 'Liveoak George's' mule trail across Panama, steamboats up the San Jew-on and the lake, and coaches from the lake to the Pacific. And my own line of steamers from Nicaragua to New York and 'Frisco. It'll be five hundred miles shorter'n Panama—and if Law and Aspinwall kin git 600 dollars for passage-money, I'll charge 300 dollars, and clean up a fortune. How's that, hey?"

Phebe, who had disagreed with the original plan for "a

[Continued on page 618.]



DURING "THE ERIE WAR" FOR RAILWAY CONTROL: JAY GOULD'S BODYGUARD ENCAMPED FOR THE NIGHT IN THE OFFICES OF THE COMPANY, IN THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE BUILDING, WHEN THE WALL STREET PANIC WAS AT ITS HEIGHT.—FROM A CONTEMPORARY CARTOON.

Reproductions from "Commodore Vanderbilt," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Philip Allan and Co.

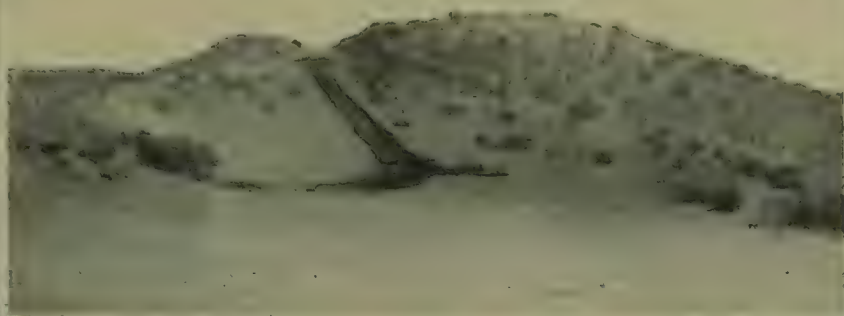
writes, he left that crew ashore, "taking with him only a young woman to steer, while he attended to the engines." When his ship was boarded, she was apparently in the sole charge of the mysterious "petticoat." The officers searched. "Not a sign of the crew could they find. Fires were burning under the boiler; a fair head of steam was

* "Commodore Vanderbilt." By Arthur D. Howden Smith. Illustrated. (Philip Allan and Co.; 21s. net.)

THE WAHABI MENACE "BEYOND JORDAN": THE TRANSJORDAN FRONTIER FORCE; AND "LAWRENCE" RELICS.



RABBIT-NETTING TRACK LAID BY COLONEL T. E. LAWRENCE DURING THE WAR, FOR TRAVERSING SOFT SAND: A SECTION OF THE ROAD BETWEEN MAAN AND EL AGABA.



ANOTHER RELIC OF COLONEL LAWRENCE'S ACTIVITIES IN TRANSJORDAN DURING THE WAR: A SECTION OF HIS RABBIT-NETTING TRACK ON THE MAAN—EL AGABA ROAD.



MEN OF THE CAMEL COMPANY OF THE TRANSJORDAN FRONTIER FORCE: AN INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE UNIFORM AND EQUIPMENT AND TYPICAL CAMELS.

TYPICAL OF THE
MOUNTED MEN
(HORSE
COMPANIES),
WHO ARE ALL
CIRCASSIANS:
A TROOPER OF
THE TRANS-
JORDAN
FRONTIER
FORCE.



A HOTCHKISS GUN SECTION OF THE CAMEL CORPS OF THE TRANSJORDAN FRONTIER FORCE: CAMELS AS GUN-CARRIERS.



CIRCASSIAN CAVALRY OF THE TRANSJORDAN FRONTIER FORCE: A GENERAL VIEW OF MOUNTED COMPANIES ON PARADE.



HOTCHKISS GUNNERS OF THE MOUNTED COMPANIES (HORSE) OF THE TRANSJORDAN FRONTIER FORCE: CIRCASSIANS DISMOUNTED, WITH THEIR GUN.



REPRESENTATIVES OF THE LOCAL BEDOUIN GATHERED ROUND THE EMIR SHAKIR, A COUSIN OF THE EMIR ABDULLAH OF TRANSJORDAN.

These photographs of the Transjordan Frontier Force are of particular interest just now, in view of recent reports regarding the menace of Wahabi raids into that country, as into Iraq further east. Early last month it was stated that three Wahabi camps had been established in the desert, that all members of the Frontier Force on leave had been recalled to duty, and that most of the Royal Air Force at Surafend, near Jaffa, had been moved into Transjordan. New threats of a Wahabi raid into Iraq were reported on April 4. It is interesting to recall, also, that an Agreement between Great Britain and Transjordan was signed in Jerusalem, on February 20, by Lord Plumer (the High Commissioner)

and the Wazir of the Emir Abdullah. Our correspondent who sends the above photographs mentions that the Frontier Force is a locally raised unit that operates in the Maan-El Agaba area. "El Agaba," he writes, "is at the head of the Gulf of Agaba. It is seventy-seven miles from Maan, and was used as a base for Colonel Lawrence's operations with King Feisal against the Turks in the Great War. The photographs show the wire-netting road, made during the war, as it exists to-day. A considerable number of pilgrims arrive on foot at El Agaba annually en route for Mecca. I have met pilgrims there from Bokhara, Karachi, Kabul, Luxor, and Tunis. Maan is now the terminus of the Hedjaz railway."

DÜRER, THE ANIMAL ARTIST: THAT "LUBBERLY" CREATURE,

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, 13, 14.

"AND HE WOULD FAIN HAVE FILLED HIS BELLY WITH THE HUSKS":
THE PRODIGAL SON AMONG THE SWINE.GREYHOUNDS, A STAG, AND A HORSE—
FROM "ST. EUSTACE."

AN OWL—1508.



A BIRD—1513.



A PARTRIDGE.



A LOBSTER.



A "LUBBERLY" WALRUS—1521.

THE WALRUS, AND OTHER BEASTS DRAWN FROM LIFE.

AND 15, BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



"THE LITTLE HORSE"—DRAWN IN 1505.



A BISON—A PEN-AND-INK SKETCH.

A COCK—FROM "THE COAT-OF-ARMS
WITH A COCK."

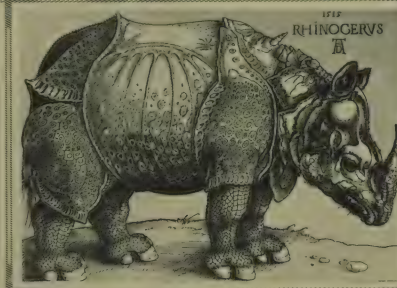
SQUIRRELS—1512.



A STAG-BEETLE—1505.



A HARE—1502.

AN
ELK.

A RHINOCEROS—1515.

The fourth centenary of the death of Albrecht Dürer fell on April 6, and fitting celebrations are taking place: more especially, an exhibition of the artist's work was opened at Nuremberg, his native place, on April 11; and another at Berlin. Further, there will be a particularly interesting exhibition of his drawings, engravings, and wood-cuts at the British Museum, beginning on the 18th. In this connection it is interesting to note that Mr. Campbell Dodgson, the Keeper of the Museum's prints and drawings, lecturing on Dürer the other day, said that the collection there is the third in importance in the world, coming only after those at Berlin and Vienna. These three collections, he added, contain quite a large proportion of all the known Dürer drawings, which number about nine hundred, apart from those in manuscripts. With particular regard to Dürer as animal artist, we quote from Lina Eckenstein's "Albrecht Dürer," published by Duckworth. In this it is written: "As Dürer's landscapes served him as a background to his pictures, so his studies from animals and plants entered into the foreground of his compositions. . . . Dürer was aware of the advantages of drawing animals from life. In reply to a request to draw

the dance of monkeys, which is now at Basel, he wrote that he had not seen a monkey for a long time. He shared the keen interest of his age in the unfamiliar forms of life and in the strange products of other countries. He carefully drew monstrosities, such as two children that were joined together, and a hog that had an abnormal number of legs. It is interesting to note how badly at the outset he drew an ass. The drawing of a rhinoceros which had been forwarded to him from Lisbon to use in the Triumphal Arch of Maximilian he carefully copied and engraved. During his stay in the Netherlands, the news that a whale was stranded at once caused him to set off for the seacoast in hopes of catching a glimpse of it. Instead, he saw and drew a walrus, which he described as a 'lubberly' creature. Amongst his Italian sketches are drawings of the head of a lion, which was doubtless drawn from the living beasts that were bred in captivity in Venice since the year 1316, and at a later period of his life he was again drawing lions from the life in the castle-enclosure at Ghent." Dürer, it should perhaps be added, was born in Nuremberg on May 21, 1471, and died on April 6, 1528.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

CONCERNING WARBLERS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

OUR sense of values in regard to the flight of time, and the seasons, is obscured because we so commonly live in a world of unreality. We say spring drags on and never seems really to arrive,

fact, there are no fewer than thirty-nine species on the list of British birds.

On this occasion, however, I must content myself with a few comments on the chiff-chaff and its immediate relatives; and even then I can do no more than touch the fringe of my theme. The chiff-chaff (Fig. 1) is one of the earliest to arrive of our summer migrants. I have already seen two which had, unfortunately, met with disaster at St. Katherine's lighthouse, where many hundreds of birds in the course of the year meet their end.

For the benefit of those who do not yet know the chiff-chaff by sight, let me say that it is a very small bird, of a shade of colour that may be described more or less accurately as "olive-green" or "olive-brown," with a pale eye-stripe and blackish legs. Its song, however, is unmistakable: "Chiff-chaff, chiff-chaff, chiff, chiff-chaff, chiff," often uttered from the top of a high tree. It bears a close likeness to its near relation, the

there are many records of birds taken during the autumn passage. But for the more exact methods of the modern ornithologist we should never have suspected the possibility of the existence of either of these two among our countryside birds.

Where there are large woods of oak, birch, or beech, one may expect to find the wood-warbler. While resembling those we have just described, it may be distinguished fairly easily by its somewhat larger size: the sulphur-yellow breast and throat, and broad yellow stripe over the eye. But there is yet another distinguishing feature, though this is only to be seen in the dead bird. If the wing be carefully examined, it will be found that the outermost quill-feather is no longer than, and hardly to be distinguished from, the short, stiff covert-feathers concealing the bases of the primaries. In the chiff-chaffs and the willow-warblers it is much longer, but still is evidently no more than a vestige of a once-functional quill. Here, then, we have two stages in the reduction of the number of the quill-feathers. What has brought about this reduction? In the wry-neck—a bird related to the cuckoo—we see, thanks to the "neo-ornithology" a little more of this process of reduction, since this feather has been shown to be larger in the juvenile than in the adult plumage. Never again, after its first moult, is this feather so long.

That the ornithologist of the new school has justified his methods there can be no question. But he has been so busy in this task of minute scrutiny that he has found no time to ask what is the cause which has brought about the fine shades of difference which distinguish the Continental from our own native-bred birds? Is the factor climate or isolation? For, though our birds leave us in the autumn for Africa, they are yet as isolated from their Continental types as they would be if they stayed with us the year round, since they can never inter-breed.

In the hope that we may one day find the clue to this mystery, we ought very jealously to guard from the egg-collector all the species now breeding with us; especially those whose numbers are relatively few, like the marsh and grasshopper warblers (Fig. 3). Savi's warbler (Fig. 2), once a common British bird, now no longer breeds with us. Unless we take great care, the marsh and grasshopper warblers will share the same fate.

Though soberly clad, and indifferent as a songster, yet (I venture to think) the chiff-chaff will be quite worth studying a little more closely this summer, especially in comparison with the willow-warbler.



FIG. 1. ONE OF THE FIRST TO ARRIVE OF OUR SUMMER MIGRANTS: THE CHIFF-CHAFF. VERY LIKE THE WILLOW-WARBLER, BUT RATHER SMALLER. It is doubtful whether even an ornithologist can distinguish the chiff-chaff from the willow-warbler by sight, unless he hears the song. The close likeness between them shows that they must be two relatively recently formed species which have not yet had time to accentuate the slight differences in colour which they present.

because, in spite of past experience, we persist in looking forward to a meteorological millennium, wherein we shall be able to say with Solomon—

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.

Day by day we go on, hoping against hope, for the advent of some such transition, shutting our eyes to what is going on around us, till, at last, we realise that spring has not only come, but gone!

This, however, is not the case with those who mark the seasons not by the weather, but by the signs of the awakening life around them in hedge-row and coppice. Our newspapers bear witness that the interest of these contented ones is very real; inasmuch as they keep up a sort of friendly rivalry in recording the earliest arrivals of our spring migrants. We all of us like to hear of the arrival of the first swallow or the first cuckoo; and not a few are equally grateful for the announcement of the coming of the wheat-ear, the warblers, the wry-neck, and so on. But these are birds the town-dweller rarely sees, and still more rarely knows at sight.

Nevertheless, even those born and bred in the country, and who will tell you that they know them well, have really no more than familiarised themselves with their external appearance. If we turn next to the "ornithologist"—the man who makes an intensive study of birds—we shall find that he will carry us but a step or two further. The egg-collector has developed an uncanny skill in discovering nests, and displays an insatiable appetite for their eggs, but he draws no useful data from the huge number of "clutches" in his cabinets. The skin-collector, on the other hand, may indeed claim to have justified his toll. For his minute study of details, in the matter of measurements and fine shades of colour, have shown us that our British birds, with a few exceptions, differ from those of the same species on the Continent, even though, in some cases, one almost needs the eye of faith to distinguish the one from the other.

I constantly meet those who ask, What on earth can be the good of such "hair-splitting"? Yet a little careful consideration will show that this regard for "niggling details" has brought to light, as a matter of fact, some extremely interesting data bearing on the much wider problems of the origin of life, the origin of species, the effect of isolation, climate, and yet other more subtle influences.

The countryman will tell you that we have eight species of those obscure little birds known as the "warblers"—the chiff-chaff, willow-warbler, wood-warbler, sedge-warbler, reed-warbler, black-cap, garden-warbler, and white-throat. As a matter of



FIG. 2. ONCE A COMMON BRITISH BIRD, BUT NOW NO LONGER BREEDING WITH US: SAVI'S WARBLER.

Savi's warbler at one time bred with us in many parts of England, but now seems to have ceased to do so. Drainage and cultivation have probably brought about this change.

willow-warbler, which, however, is a rather larger bird, with a tinge of yellow in its plumage, and has brown instead of blackish legs. Moreover, it is less restricted to woods and coppices, and has a sweet warbling song, quite unlike that of the chiff-chaff.

Now here comes an interesting point. During the summer months any chiff-chaff we may see during our walks abroad will be a native, born and bred. But we cannot be at all sure of such as we come across during the time of the spring and autumn migration. It may be our own bird, it may be the Scandinavian chiff-chaff, or it may be the Siberian. So like our bird are they that only an expert can distinguish between them, and then not until he can handle them; but they are different. Whether they are regular passage-migrants through the British Islands we cannot yet say, for it is only recently that the existence of these two variants on our own species has been detected. It is worth noting, however, that the Siberian chiff-chaff has only once been taken on the spring migration, though



FIG. 3. THE GRASSHOPPER WARBLER, SO NAMED FROM ITS CURIOUS CHIRP: A BRITISH SPECIES TO BE JEALOUSLY GUARDED FROM THE EGG-COLLECTOR.

The grasshopper warbler is more often heard than seen. It derives its name from its peculiar song, which recalls the chirping of a grasshopper, but delivered in a continuous reel. It breeds with us every year in suitable localities, but is by no means so plentiful as other breeding species.

**FISH WHOSE ANCESTORS "FOUGHT IN THE CRIMEA":
SACRED CARP OF TRIPOLI.**



THE DWELLING-PLACE OF THE SACRED CARP OF THE MOSQUE OF AHMED AL BEDAWI, WHICH IS ON THE SITE OF A CHRISTIAN CHURCH: A POOL WHOSE HISTORY MAY BELONG TO THE EPOCH IN WHICH SOME FISH-TAILED GODDESS HAD A SHRINE ON THE SPOT.



FISH THAT ARE HELD TO BE HOLY, BUT "FOLLOW" EAGERLY FOR FOOD: CARP IN THE POOL OF THE MOSQUE OF AHMED AL BEDAWI IN A SEETHING MASS WHILE FIGHTING FOR TIT-BITS.

In order to describe these particularly interesting photographs, we cannot do better than refer to details given in E. S. Stevens's "Cedars, Saints and Sinners in Syria." In this is told the story of the mosque of Ahmed al Bedawi, outside Tripoli, and its pool of sacred fish. The mosque stands on the site of a Christian church dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua, and it is from the name Padua, locally called Badova, and not from the nomad Bedouins, that the name Bedawi is derived. "The history of the pool with its sacred fish is far older than that, however, and may belong to the epoch when some fish-tailed goddess, Derceto or Atargatis, had a shrine there. . . . The water, which enters the basin from a spring close by, and flows out again into a brook communicating with the sea, is beautifully clear and fresh, and bluish in colour. . . . When a piece of bread is thrown into the water, the spot immediately becomes a seething mass of fish." There is a local belief that the fish of the pool are aware of the affairs of men, and during the Crimean War it was thought that they fought for the Turks against the Christian Russians! "Wounds in their sides were said to be wounds received on the battlefield. Whether this belief is a form of the creed of metempsychosis which lingers among the people of North Syria, I cannot say; still, it is worth recording. The fish are fed daily by the guardians of the tomb, and by visitors and pilgrims. A similar pool of sacred fish dating back into times of antiquity is to be seen at Syracuse in Sicily—the . . . pool of Arethusa.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

SOMEbody once wrote a book, I believe, called "Conversational Openings," but no one has ever supplied openings for reviewers—they have to find them. Seeking an approach to certain works concerned with various forms of art, I bethought me of one among them intitled "A DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS FROM AUTHORS OLD AND NEW, TOGETHER WITH AN ALPHABET OF PROVERBS." Everyman's Library. Two vols. (J. M. Dent and Sons; cloth, 2s. 6d. each vol.). As I turned the pages at random, rummaging amid these "infinite riches in a little room" (this quotation, by the way, does not seem to be included), I chanced on an extract that meets my requirements—"The Art preservative of all arts."

This phrase is drawn, we are told, "from the inscription upon the façade of the house at Haarlem formerly occupied by Laurent Koster, or Coster, who is charged, among others, with the invention of printing." There is a certain irony about that "charged," suggesting that the inventor has much to answer for. Be that as it may, the art of printing, as represented by the batch of books before me, has acted as a preservative of various other arts, such as literature, music, painting, and decoration.

A new book of quotations always fascinates me, and this one, which contains both verse and prose, and includes extracts from many present-day authors, is among the handiest and most attractive that I have ever come across. It has the first requisite of its kind—facility of reference, being arranged in alphabetical order of authors and numerical order of extracts, with a full index; while the proverbs are in a single list in alphabetical order of first words. The work also possesses a quality of "difference"—the modern elliptical term for individuality. This element is adumbrated in the short introduction signed "J. K. M.," which, being interpreted (in the publishers' list), stands for J. K. Moorhead. He gives some interesting evidence that the late John Bartlett (on whose "Familiar Quotations" his own work is based, though containing a far larger collection) was "something of a prude as well as a teetotaler." Bartlett is convicted of bowdlerising Shakespeare and Wordsworth. Fancy finding anything to bowdlerise in Wordsworth!

Besides this addition to the Reference Section of Everyman's Library, several others have been made to the general list of that wonderful series which (under the able editorship of Mr. Ernest Rhys) has done so much to educate the last two generations, and now contains over 800 volumes. The new ones include Darwin's "ORIGIN OF SPECIES," With an Introduction by Sir Arthur Keith; an English version of Flaubert's "MADAME BOVARY," Translated by E. Marx-Aveling. With Introduction by Professor G. Saintsbury; and two books that were known to Shakespeare—"THE BOOK OF THE COURTIER," By Count Baldassare Castiglione. "Done into English by Sir Thomas Hoby, anno 1561." With an Introduction by Dr. W. H. D. Rouse; and "THE VOIAGE AND TRAVAYLE OF SYR JOHN MAUNDEVILLE, KNIGHT; WITH THE JOURNAL OF FRIER ODORICUS." With Introduction by Jules Bramont (J. M. Dent and Sons; cloth, 2s. net each). This last-named work and its author have been among the "mysteries" of literature. "Long accepted as the genuine voyage of Mandeville," we read, "the authorship is now attributed to Jean d'Outremeuse, a notary public of Liège. It was first published in French, but the Elizabethan version made of it an English book, which is here reproduced in its quiddity."

Regarding Hoby's translation of "The Courtier," it is stated that "the stout quarto of 1588 must have often been, as there is evidence to show, in our master-playwright's hands." In this connection I note an intriguing adventure in literary "detective" work, entitled "SHAKESPEARE, JONSON, AND WILKINS AS BORROWERS." A Study in Elizabethan Dramatic Origins and Imitations. By Percy Allen. With Introduction by R. P. Cowl (Cecil Palmer; 7s. 6d.). How many readers, I wonder, could say offhand who Wilkins was? From the chapter ascribing to him the authorship of "Pericles," we learn that he was "one George Wilkins, a somewhat obscure Elizabethan storyteller and dramatist." Mr. Allen's industrious hunt of parallel passages was largely stimulated by the tercentenary performances of all the First Folio plays at the Old Vic.

Turning now to another form of art which printing helps to preserve—or rather, to distribute—the art of painting, I begin with a book that makes the double appeal of historical value and lavish reproduction—namely, "MINIATURES AND SILHOUETTES." By Max Von Boehn. Translated by E. K. Walker. With 40 coloured Plates and about 200 black-and-white illustrations (Dent; 15s.). The original German work, "Miniaturen und Silhouetten," was first published in Munich during the war. The author traces the evolution of miniature, as a distinct art with a

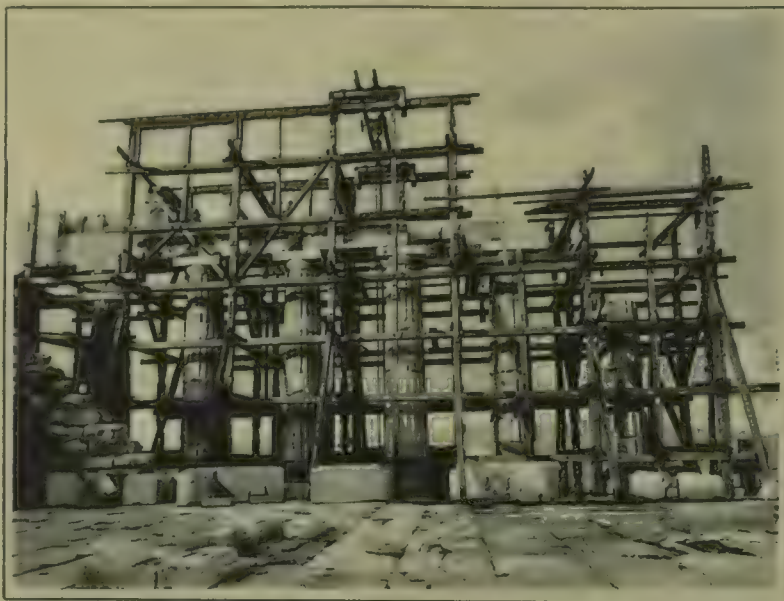
technique of its own, from its origin in book illustration and portraiture to its perfection in the eighteenth century. "A long series of miniatures," he points out, "not only shows the development of the art itself, but also the way in which society changes."

Miniatures, from the personal associations usually belonging to them, apart from artistic quality, as well as from their convenient size, provide fascinating material for the collector, who will doubtless welcome this delightful book as it deserves. Chapters are devoted to the English, French, and German schools of miniature-painting, while others treat of its application to jewellery, fans, china, personal belongings (such as snuff-boxes or letter-cases), furniture, and interior decoration. The history of the silhouette, recorded in the final section, is illustrated with many striking examples, including portraits of Goethe, Schiller, and Byron.

The transition to the next book on my list suggests a journey from Lilliput to Brobdingnag, involving, in

remaining eleven chapters deal with special branches of decorative art, such as wood-carving, doors, chimney-pieces, halls, and staircases, decorative painting, plaster-work, tapestry, fireplaces, and the lighting of rooms.

To examine the magnificent illustrations in this volume is to wander through an endless succession of palaces and noble mansions, filled with "infinite riches," but this time in rooms of ample proportions. No one can study the work without some sense of national pride in the splendours of our decorative arts in former days. At the same time, the contemplation of all this grandeur in the dwellings of the great may be a little depressing to "the common man." Personally, I do not covet any of "the stately homes of England," with their attendant rates and taxes, but I could wish there were a less violent contrast between "English interiors" at the two social extremes—between the glories of the ancestral "seat" and the squalor of the slum.



RESTORING THE PARTHENON TO SOMETHING OF ITS PRISTINE PERFECTION: A MAJESTIC LINE OF MARBLE COLUMNS RECONSTRUCTED FROM THE ORIGINAL FALLEN DRUMS—SEEN FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE.



THE NORTHERN SIDE OF THE PARTHENON AS IT WAS BEFORE THE RECENT RECONSTRUCTION BEGAN: DRUMS OF COLUMNS WHICH HAD COLLAPSED IN THE EXPLOSION OF 1687, AND HAVE NOW BEEN RE-ERECTED.

The work of re-erecting some of the fallen columns of the Parthenon, on the Acropolis at Athens, was put in hand some three years ago, as noted in our issue of March 7, 1925, which also contained a coloured picture by William Walcott representing the Acropolis as restored under the Roman Empire. The Parthenon was built in the time of Pericles, and was dedicated in B.C. 438. After the fall of Rome, it suffered great damage in the course of ages from war and pillage, especially during the Venetian siege of Athens (held by the Turks) in 1687, when the temple was used as a Turkish powder magazine, and a Venetian bomb caused a destructive explosion, killing 300 men.—[Photographs supplied by Professor F. Halbherr.]

some sort, a change of scale from the diminutive to the colossal. A monumental tome, preserving in print the large effects of a spacious art, is entitled "DECORATION IN ENGLAND. FROM 1640 TO 1760." By Francis Lenygon. Second Edition—Revised. With over 350 illustrations, of which 133 are full-page, printed in sepia from special photographs (Batsford; £2 ros. net). This imposing work is the second of four volumes constituting Batsford's "Library of Decorative Art," and giving "for the first time a complete, connected, and systematic survey of English furniture and decoration from Tudor times to the nineteenth century." The present volume opens with three historical chapters, giving a general survey of the period, with its styles and influences; while the

A noteworthy example of musical lore "preserved" by print (with which I hope to deal more fully later) is Dr. Ethel Smyth's piquantly provocative book of memories and criticisms, "A FINAL BURNING OF BOATS, ETC." With Portrait Frontispiece (Longmans; 10s. 6d.). She has some caustic remarks, by the way, on the belated recognition of such painters as Mrs. Swynnerton and Mrs. Laura Knight, and deplores the omission of the name of Professor Dorothy Howell, of the Royal Academy of Music, from "the new 'Grove.'"

The fifth and last volume of that monumental work—to wit, "GROVE'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS." Third Edition. Edited by H. C. Colles. Vol. V.; Song to Z. (Macmillan; 30s.), has now appeared. Like its forerunners (already noticed on this page), it is beautifully and abundantly illustrated, and not even the melancholy Jaques could claim to be more "full of matter." Here we have the "fifth movement" of a great "concerto" in musical biography and technicalities. C. E. B.

Taking a return ticket, as it were, from Brobdingnag to Lilliput, I note that the miniature was one of the earliest forms of Christian painting, and became a link in art between paganism and the modern era. So I gather, at least, from a book that strikes me as an excellent one for its purpose—"AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF PAINTING IN EUROPE, TO THE END OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY." By S. C. Kaines-Smith, Keeper of the Birmingham City Museum. With coloured Frontispiece ("Monna Lisa") and 116 monochrome illustrations (The Medici Society; 6s.). "Rome (we read) followed Greece closely in all the arts; and with the gradual decline of the Roman Empire, and the steady opposition of the Christian religion in Constantinople to the making of all images, the study of forms fell into disuse, and the painter was forced to reduce his figures to mere dummies, lacking life and reality. . . . It was only in the west of Europe that some of the old lively interest of the painter in the things he drew survived, and the illumination of books with miniatures was the most vigorous and interesting form of painting in the Dark Ages from the seventh to the tenth century A.D."

Mr. Kaines-Smith has covered a vast subject at moderate length, without degenerating into the baldness of a catalogue. He is at once readable and informative, bringing out, briefly but vividly, both the personalities of painters and the significance of their work.

Etching, of course, did not come within the scope of Mr. Kaines-Smith's survey. A great exponent of that art (English by name and half-English by birth, but French in his upbringing and career) is the subject of a new volume in the Masters of Modern Art series, namely, "MERYON." By Loys Delteil. Translated by G. J. Renier. With forty illustrations (Lane; 5s.). Like its companion volumes, this little study of Charles Meryon's genius and tragic end (he died in an asylum) is admirably done both on the literary and the pictorial side.

On the instructional side of art I commend to the notice of students and teachers two books that seem to me of great practical value—"GRAPHIC DESIGN." By W. G. Raffé (Chapman and Hall; 21s.), and "COMPOSITION." An Analysis of the Principles of Pictorial Design. By Cyril C. Pearce, Department of Fine Arts, University of Reading (Batsford; 12s. 6d.). Both these volumes are abundantly illustrated. For current information on artistic matters of to-day, an indispensable work of reference is "THE YEAR'S ART" for 1928. Compiled by A. C. R. Carter. Illustrated (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.). It contains, among much else, useful directories, records of art sales, and a section on the Royal Academy, particularly useful in view of the near approach of this year's Exhibition.

Moonlight on the Acropolis: A Remarkable Night Photograph.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY CAROLINE M. GALT, PROFESSOR OF ARCHÆOLOGY AND GREEK AT MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE, SOUTH HADLEY, MASSACHUSETTS.



THE TEMPLE OF ATHENE NIKE APTEROS ON THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS: A MOONLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH IN WHICH STARS ARE VISIBLE, AND ALSO THE LIGHTS OF PIRÆUS.

Photography by moonlight could hardly achieve a finer effect than in this wonderful example, taken on the Acropolis at Athens by an American woman distinguished in archæology, Professor Caroline Galt. "The Temple of Athene Nike Apteros," she writes, "was photographed at the time of the full moon in winter. The lights of Piræus, as well as the stars, made an impression on the

film." The exquisite effects of light and shadow indicate the brilliance of Pentelic marble, which, Professor Galt found, reflected the rays of the moon much more brightly than some of the ancient monuments in Egypt, made of Nubian sandstone, which she photographed on another occasion. The little temple of Athene Nike Apteros (Wingless Victory) stands near the entrance of the Acropolis.

IN THE JAPANESE MANNER: A STUDY IN DESIGN.



“Fan Tails and Almond Blossom.”

From the Drawing by E. J. Detmold. Once Exhibited at the Sloane Galleries, to which it was lent by Mrs. Bertram Joy.

REVEALED BY EMPTYING A LAKE: A VILLAGE, ROAD, AND BRIDGE.



AS IT WAS BEFORE BEING EMPTIED OF WATER FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF WORKS TO PREVENT LEAKAGE THROUGH FISSURES IN THE SOIL:
THE LAKE OF BOUVANTE (IN THE DROME DEPARTMENT OF SOUTH-EASTERN FRANCE) WITH ITS BARRAGE, FORMING A RESERVOIR.



THE LAKE OF BOUVANTE AFTER THE WATER HAD BEEN DRAINED OFF: A NEARER VIEW OF THE SAME DISTRICT AS SHOWN IN THE UPPER ILLUSTRATION,
REVEALING A BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER LYONNE AND RUINED BUILDINGS PREVIOUSLY SUBMERGED BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE RESERVOIR.

"Much interest has been aroused," says a French writer, explaining these drawings, "by the surprising 'cure' of an artificial lake in which large fissures had developed. It is well known that, in order to regularise the water supply in the mountains, lake reservoirs have proved most useful. But it is otherwise when the ground is full of fissures, which tend to enlarge under pressure till they absorb all the water and the lake disappears. That is what happened with the Lake of Bouvante in the Drome. It was formed a few years ago, by the *Société des Forces Motrices* of Vercors, by means of a barrage, which kept back the waters of the little river Lyonne. It was observed, however, that serious fissures had developed in the banks at various heights. These were

stopped with concrete, but the lake still continued to disappear, and the holes were again stopped, without result. Three specialists in underground work were then consulted—M. Armand Vire, of the Paris Museum, and two other engineers, M. Hugues Roche and M. Léon Bidreman, of the Robivir Laboratory at Lyons. After examining the lake, they declared that the loss of water could be remedied, and advised that a kind of subterranean tunnel should be dug after emptying the lake. The lake was then emptied, as is shown in our lower photograph, whereupon a village, a road and a bridge were discovered beneath it. The tunnel was then constructed, and, though it is not yet completed, the Lake of Bouvante has regained its former condition as a reservoir."

EASTER-TIDE OCCASIONS: NOTABLE RITES AND CEREMONIES.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY MADE A FREEMAN OF HIS CATHEDRAL CITY ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY: DR. RANDALL DAVIDSON (NEXT BUT ONE BEHIND THE CASKET-BEARER) IN THE PROCESSION, WITH CATHEDRAL BEDESMEN AS A GUARD OF HONOUR.



THE PRIMATE WITH HIS "FREEDOM" CASKET (HELD BY THE REV. S. G. WILSON, ITS DESIGNER, NEXT TO LEFT) AND MRS. DAVIDSON (EXTREME RIGHT): A GROUP INCLUDING THE MAYOR OF CANTERBURY.



THE CEREMONY OF "WASHING THE FEET" IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL ON GOOD FRIDAY: CARDINAL BOURNE CEREMONIALLY WASHING THE RIGHT FOOT OF THIRTEEN CHOIR BOYS.



"KINDLING THE HOLY FIRE" IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL: BISHOP BUTT OFFICIATING AT ONE OF THE HOLY WEEK CEREMONIES OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.



BAPTISING, BY TOTAL IMMERSION IN A TANK, AT THE ALBERT HALL: PASTOR JEFFREYS, OF THE ELIM PENTECOSTAL ALLIANCE, WITH SOME AMONG 1000 MEN AND WOMEN WHO UNDERWENT THE RITE.

The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Randall Davidson) was presented with the honorary freedom of Canterbury on his eightieth birthday, April 7. The Primate and Mrs. Davidson received an enthusiastic greeting from the people of the city as they walked in procession from the Old Palace to the Guildhall, where the ceremony took place. They were preceded by the Cathedral bedesmen, carrying their staves, as a guard of honour. The "freedom" was presented in a casket made of oak, about five hundred years old, taken from the timbers of the Arundel Tower of Canterbury Cathedral. The casket, which was designed by Councillor



A BATTLESHIP'S COMPASS USED AS A FONT: CHAPLAIN R. D. CANADINE, OF H.M.S. "NELSON," CHRISTENING HIS OWN SON ON BOARD THAT SHIP ON EASTER MONDAY—SHOWING MRS. CANADINE (ON THE LEFT, NEXT TO THE CHILD'S GODMOTHER).

the Rev. S. Gordon Wilson, bears an inscription, with the arms of the city and the diocese of Canterbury, and the dioceses of Winchester and Rochester (of which Dr. Davidson was formerly Bishop) and four Canterbury crosses in silver. In the Albert Hall, on Good Friday, more than a thousand men and women were baptised, by total immersion in a moss-lined tank of lukewarm water, by Pastor George Jeffreys, the leader of a sect called the Elim Evangel of the Four Square Gospel, or, more briefly, the "Elimites." Pastor Jeffreys, who is a Welshman, is said to have founded the sect in Monaghan, Northern Ireland.

MASTERPIECES OF PORTRAITURE: MEMORABLE WORKS PAST & PRESENT.

THE TITIAN AND THE VELASQUEZ BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. THE GARY PICTURES BY COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION, NEW YORK.



A LONG-LOST TITIAN: THE PORTRAIT OF ALFONSO D'ESTE, DUKE OF FERRARA (PAINTED ABOUT 1523-5).

This famous picture, long believed to have been destroyed in a fire at Madrid in the eighteenth century, turned up in Paris about two years ago, and was identified as Titian's original portrait of Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, who married Lucrezia Borgia, and died in 1534. It was acquired last year by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



A FAMOUS MASTERPIECE BY VELASQUEZ: THE PORTRAIT OF ISABELLA OF BOURBON.

The portrait of Isabella of Bourbon, by Velasquez, here reproduced, has recently been lent by its owner, Mr. Max Epstein, to a Loan Exhibition of Spanish Paintings, from El Greco to Goya, held in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Velasquez was born at Seville on June 6, 1599, and died at Madrid on August 6, 1660.



AN EARLY CORREGGIO LATELY DISCOVERED: A PICTURE WHOSE SALE WAS STOPPED BY THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT.

This "Madonna and Child" was recently discovered in the private chapel of Castle Hellbrunn at Salzburg, by Director Voss, of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum at Berlin, and was identified by him as an early work of Correggio. Salzburg municipality, unaware that it was a Correggio, had sold it to a foreign buyer, but the Austrian Finance Ministry cancelled the sale.

THE CHAIRMAN OF INVERESK AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES; AND HIS WIFE: PRESENTATION PORTRAITS OF MR. WILLIAM HARRISON, LL.B., AND MRS. WILLIAM HARRISON, BY SIR FRANK DICKSEE, K.C.V.O., P.R.A.

The Directors of Inveresk and Associated Companies, which include "Illustrated News-papers" and "The Illustrated London News and Sketch," recently gave a complimentary dinner in honour of their Chairman, Mr. William Harrison, and Mrs. Harrison, at the Savoy Hotel. An interesting event connected with the occasion was the presentation to Mr. Harrison of these fine portraits of himself and his wife, painted by Sir Frank Dicksee, President of the Royal Academy, who was among the guests.



A FRANS HALS PORTRAIT DISCOVERED IN A LUMBER ROOM AND THEN SOLD FOR £1800: "A GENTLEMAN IN A WHITE RUFF."

A few weeks ago this picture was discovered in a lumber room in Leicestershire, begrimed with the dirt of years. On being cleaned and examined by experts, it was pronounced a fine example of Frans Hals, and in a sale at Messrs. Hurcomb's, on March 30, it realised £1800.



A REMBRANDT "UNDER THE HAMMER" IN NEW YORK: "A WARRIOR PUTTING ON HIS ARMOUR" (MARQUIS D'ANDELOT), PAINTED ABOUT 1634.

Rembrandt's portrait of the Marquis d'Andelot, a member of a famous Huguenot family, is included in the art collection of the late Judge Elbert H. Gary, Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation. The sale of the collection is to be conducted by the American Art Association on April 19, 20, and 21.

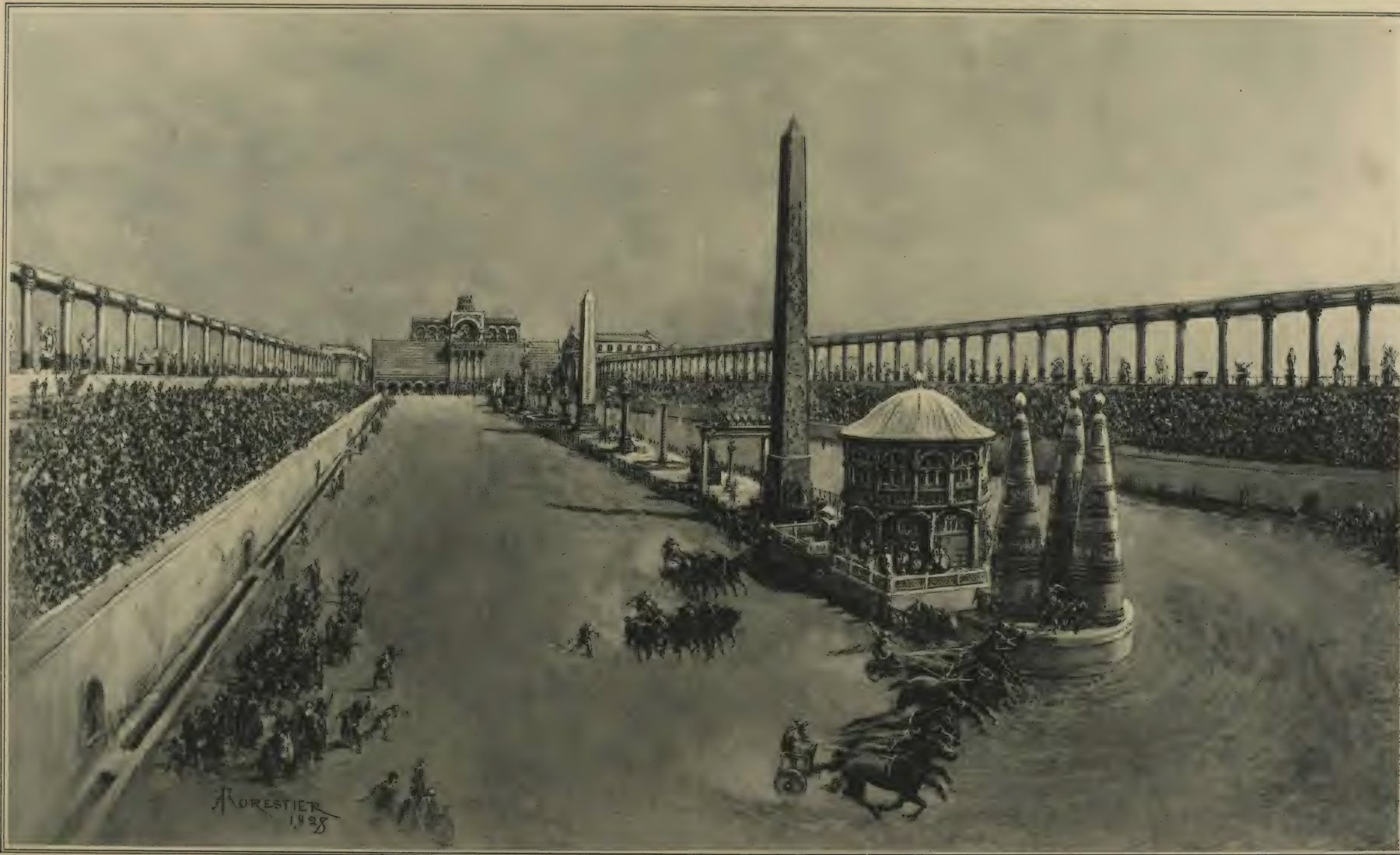


A FINE EXAMPLE OF FRANS HALS IN THE FORTHCOMING GARY SALE IN NEW YORK: "A PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN" (THE EARL OF AMHERST) PAINTED IN 1630.

This "Portrait of a Young Man" (identified as the Earl of Amherst), by Frans Hals, is inscribed ("Aet(atis) Suae 29 Anno. 1630," and thus belongs to the painter's best period.

CHARIOT-RACING IN THE ANCIENT HIPPODROME AT CONSTANTINOPLE: AN AUTHENTIC RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM ARCHEOLOGICAL EVIDENCE SUPPLIED BY MR. STANLEY CASSON, DIRECTOR OF LAST YEAR'S EXCAVATIONS.—SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 641. (COPYRIGHTED.)



WITH MEN POSTED "TO LASH ON BACKWARD COMPETITORS": A CHARIOT-RACE IN THE CONSTANTINOPLE HIPPODROME—"THE ONLY 'RESTORATION' BASED ON FULLY ASCERTAINED FACTS."

Excavations in the ancient Hippodrome at Constantinople were begun last year and are being continued this year. Mr. A. Forestier, the well-known archaeological artist, here pictures in the light of recent discoveries the various buildings and monuments as they stood in and after the fourth century, when Constantine extended and embellished the original foundation of the Emperor Severus. A chariot-race is seen in progress in the arena. Mr. Stanley Casson, who directed the excavations last year, describes the picture (in his article given on page 641) as "the only restoration based upon fully ascertained facts." "Of the monuments down the centre," he writes, "three survive to-day. The first is the Column of Porphyrogenitus (the tall obelisk in the centre of the drawing). In our restoration it is shown coated with bronze, on which were designs in relief. The pedestal serves as a fountain. At the near end of the central row of

monuments the artist has drawn a small pavilion, for which there is some literary authority. It was for the private use of royalty or nobility. At the extreme ends are the three great conical pillars which indicated the turning-points of the course, which had to be covered seven times. Next to the Column of Porphyrogenitus is a structure (two columns and an architrave) on which were symbols used for starting the races, usually amphora. Further along is the famous Bronze Serpent, with its three heads serving as spouts for a fountain. (This was the ancient Greek war memorial of the victory over the Persians at Platae in 479 B.C., and was brought by Constantine from Delphi.) Beyond the Serpent are two minor columns, and next comes the Obelisk of Theodosius. At the far end is the Kathisma, the building in which the Emperor sat. In the races men stood at intervals with whips, to lash on backward competitors."

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



A GERMAN METHOD OF CHIMNEY-FELLING: WOODEN SUPPORTS INSERTED INTO THE BASE OF A CHIMNEY (IN PLACE OF BRICKWORK REMOVED) SET ON FIRE.

The above two photographs illustrate the method adopted for felling a tall chimney, some 200 ft. high, at the old gas-works at Schmargendorf, near Berlin. Part of the brickwork at one side of the base was gradually removed and replaced by wooden supports, which were then set on fire. The burning of the supports caused the chimney to topple over on that side.



A 200-FT. CHIMNEY PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE ACT OF FALLING: THE RESULT OF BURNING AWAY THE TIMBER SUPPORTS SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH BEING SET ON FIRE.



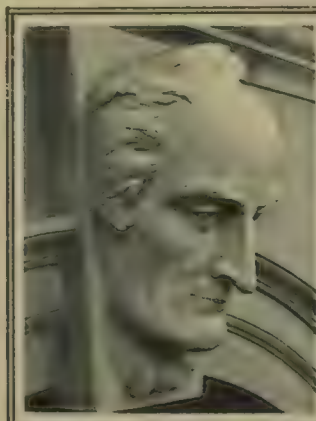
A MODEL OF THE NEW Y.M.C.A. BUILDING TO BE ERRECTED AT JERUSALEM, THE COMMENCEMENT OF WHICH WAS POSTPONED OWING TO LORD PLUMER'S ILLNESS.

The corner-stone of the new Y.M.C.A. building at Jerusalem was to have been laid on Easter Monday by Field-Marshal Lord Plumer, the British High Commissioner for Palestine, but owing to his illness the ceremony had to be postponed. The cost of the building—about £200,000—will, it is said, be defrayed by one anonymous donor. It has been designed by Mr. Arthur Loomis Harmon, the famous New York architect, who visited Jerusalem at the invitation of Dr. A. C. Harte, General Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. for Palestine.



THE QUEEN OF AFGHANISTAN AT QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S MATERNITY HOSPITAL: HER MAJESTY WITH A NINE-DAY-OLD BABY BOY.

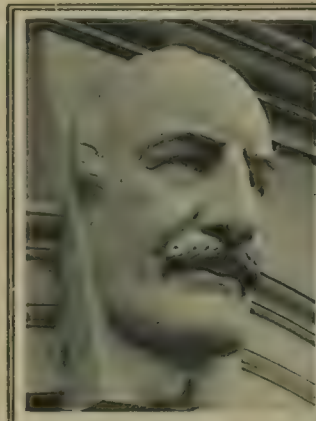
Queen Surayya and two Afghan Princesses visited Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital in Marylebone Road on April 3, and spent nearly an hour there. The Queen talked to many of the mothers (through her interpreter), and was deeply interested in the working of the hospital. She took one of the babies in her arms—a nine-day-old boy, who weighed 10 lb. 10 oz. at birth. On April 5 King Amanullah and Queen Surayya left England for the Continent.



BARON JUSTUS VON LIEBIG, THE CELEBRATED GERMAN CHEMIST (1803-75).



ALFRED NOBEL, THE SWEDISH CHEMIST (1833-96), FOUNDER OF THE NOBEL PRIZES.



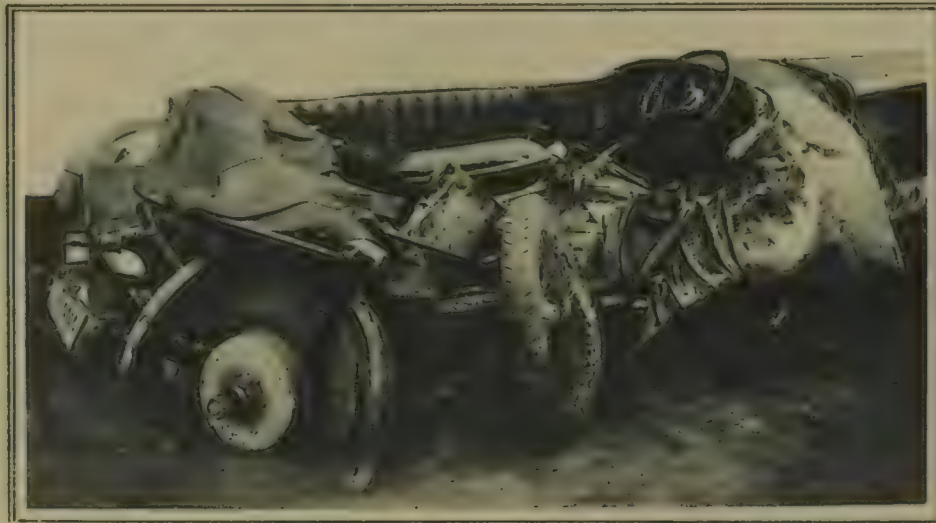
SIR ALFRED MOND, M.P., CHAIRMAN OF BRUNNER, MOND AND CO.



THE LATE DR. LUDWIG MOND, JOINT-FOUNDER OF BRUNNER, MOND AND CO.

PORTRAIT-BUSTS OF FAMOUS CHEMISTS ON A NEW LONDON BUILDING.

On the new Imperial Chemical Industries Building at Millbank, Westminster, is a series of remarkable portrait-heads of famous chemists of all nations. Among them is a bust of Sir Alfred Mond, son of the late Dr. Ludwig Mond, the joint-founder of Brunner, Mond and Co. Sir Alfred is believed to be the first man to be thus commemorated on a London building in his lifetime, though such portraits of celebrities of the past are, of course, not unprecedented.



AFTER THE MOTOR ACCIDENT IN WHICH LORD TREMATON, A NEPHEW OF THE QUEEN, WAS INJURED IN FRANCE, AND A COMPANION WAS KILLED: THE WRECKED CAR.

Viscount Trematon, son and heir of the Earl of Athlone, Governor-General of South Africa, was seriously injured in a motor accident, on April 1, on the main Paris-Lyons road near Belleville-sur-Saône. One of his companions, Mr. Kenrick Madocks (an undergraduate friend of his at Trinity, Cambridge), was fatally hurt, and died shortly afterwards in the hospital at Belleville, to which Lord Trematon was also taken. Another Cambridge friend, Mr. J. C. Stewart Clark, escaped with slight bruises. The car skidded into a tree at high speed, and overturned.

THE FIRST STAR TO "SPLIT" IN TWO: AN "EXPLOSION" THEORY.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S. (COPYRIGHTED.)



A STELLAR "SPLIT" 500 YEARS AGO JUST BECOME VISIBLE FROM THE EARTH: NOVA PICTORIS AND ITS NEW COMPANION STAR, PROBABLY EVOLVED BY EXPLOSION—AN IMAGINARY VIEW AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

"The new star, Nova Pictoris," writes Mr. Scriven Bolton, "which flared up into existence in the southern hemisphere in 1925, has apparently split in two. During the three years of its visibility it has exhibited some mysterious fluctuations in brightness. Although this celestial upheaval occurred some 500 years ago, the rays of light then despatched across the vast gulf of space have only just arrived to tell the tale. It is the first recorded instance of a star having become double. There are several theories to account for the apparent 'split.' One is that the star has actually been torn asunder by some external influence; while another explains the phenomenon as due to a collision or a graze with a wandering body. No such event, however, is on record, nor is it likely to

happen in the future. A more reasonable theory, perhaps, is that Nova Pictoris collided with a vast cloud of dust, the friction therewith raising the star to incandescence, and causing a succession of violent explosions. As shown in the above hypothetical picture, the star probably became enshrouded in concentric rings of exploded matter. The solid particles of one such ring may have already coalesced into a brilliant 'knot,' or secondary star, which, to-day, is seen from the earth as a close companion to the parent sun. This mighty upheaval is so far away in space—billions of miles—that no telescope is powerful enough to tell how the catastrophe happened." Another theory is a collision between two dead stars. Two comets, it is said, have been known to split.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE WEDDING OF THE FORMER MAHARAJAH OF INDORE AND MISS NANCY MILLER (DEVI SHARMISHTA): PIPERS AND DRUMMERS AT THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION.

As we noted last week when illustrating the bride's conversion to Hinduism, the marriage of Miss Nancy Miller, of the United States, and Sir Tukoji Rao Holkar, the former Maharajah



AFTER THE FORMER MAHARAJAH HAD WEDDED MISS MILLER: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AT THE PERFORMANCE OF THE ESSENTIAL RITES AFTER THE MARRIAGE.

of Indore, took place at Bawaha, at sundown, on March 17. The elaborate wedding procession passed through a crowd of over twenty thousand people.



REAR-ADMIRAL B. ST. G. COLLARD, C.B., D.S.O., ARRIVING AT THE "EAGLE."

The Courts-Martial on what is generally called the "Royal Oak" case were held at Gibraltar in H.M. Aircraft-carrier "Eagle." Commander Daniel was sentenced to be dismissed the "Cormorant" (depot-ship at Gibraltar) and severely reprimanded.



BANDMASTER PERCY E. BARNACLE, OF THE "ROYAL OAK."



COMMANDER H. M. DANIEL, D.S.O., ARRIVING AT THE "EAGLE."



CAPTAIN KENNETH G. B. DEWAR, C.B.E., ARRIVING AT THE "EAGLE."



MR. E. R. THOMPSON.

(Born, 1872; died, April 10.) Editor of the "Evening Standard" since 1923. As E. T. Raymond, wrote various notable books, biographical and otherwise.



MISS WINIFRED MOBERLY.

(Born, April 1875; died, April 6.) Former Principal of St. Hilda's College, Oxford, a position she took up in 1919. Did fine war work here and overseas.



VISCOUNT TREMATON.

A victim of the tragic motor accident at Belleville-sur-Saône on April 2, and taken to hospital. Only son of the Earl of Athlone, and nephew of the Queen.



MR. E. SHINWELL, M.P.

New M.P. (Lab.) for Linlithgow. He polled 14,446; Miss M. Kidd (Con.), barrister-daughter of the late Member, 9268; and Mr. D. Young (Lib.) 5690.



THE VEN. W. STANTON JONES.

New Bishop of Sodor and Man. Became Archdeacon of Bradford in 1920. Also Vicar of the Cathedral Church, Bradford. Born in 1866.



THE HON. MRS. COOPER-SMITH.

Engaged to Lord Bledisloe. Younger daughter of the late Lord Glantawe. As the Hon. Elaine Jenkins, an active Director of big companies.



LORD BLEDISLOE.

Engaged to the Hon. Mrs. Cooper-Smith. Formerly Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture. One of the best known of our agriculturists.



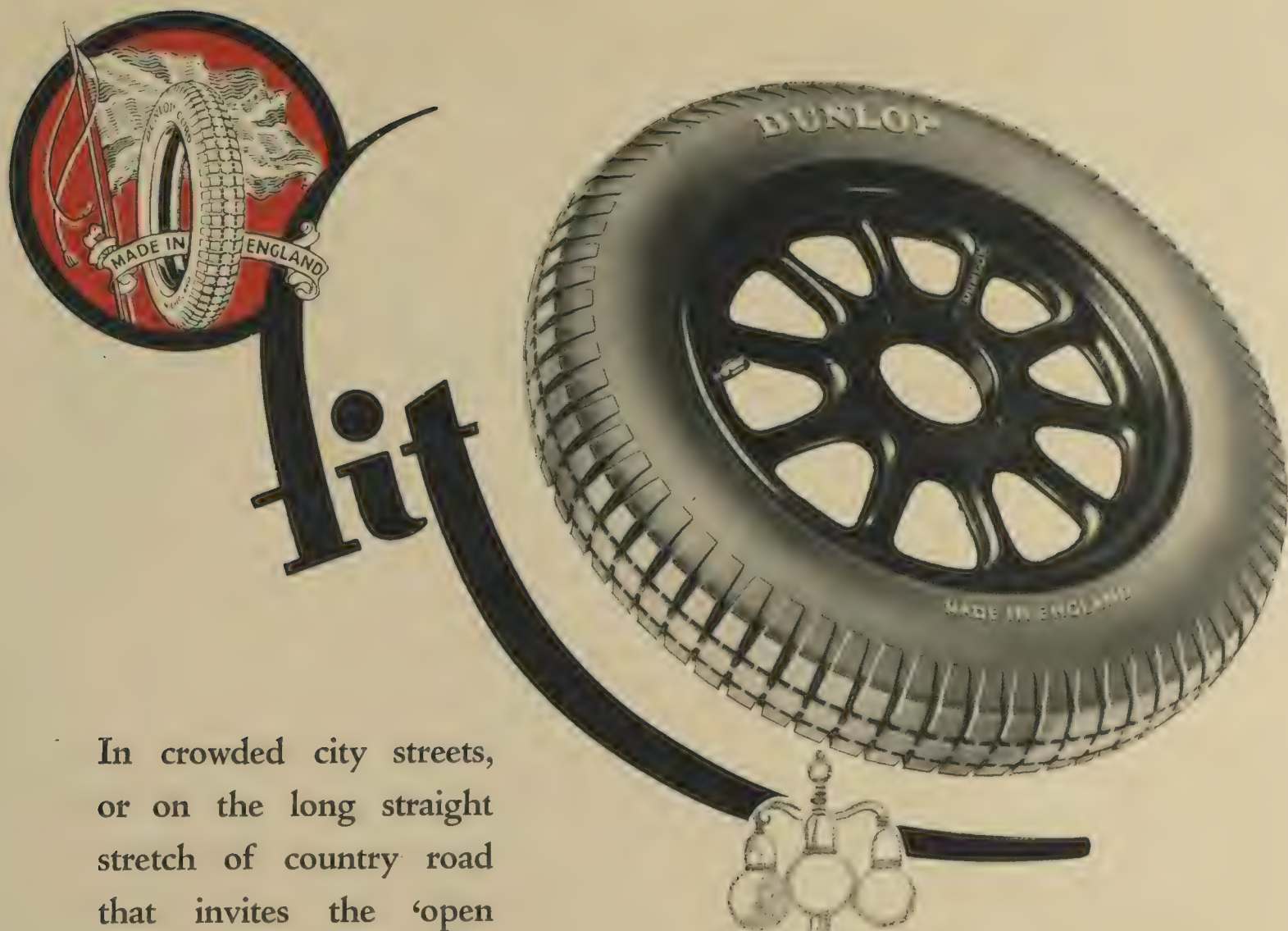
DR. ROSENBAACH.

The American purchaser of the "Alice in Wonderland" MS. Has offered his purchase to Britain at the price he paid—£15,400—and to contribute 500 guineas.



MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

(Born, April 23, 1834; died, April 5.) Famous United States Senator, orator, after-dinner speaker, and wit. A former President of the New York Central Railway.



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THE HIPPODROME OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

By STANLEY CASSON, M.A., Director of the first Official Excavations on the Site last Year.

THE cities of the ancient world provided for the festivals, the ceremonies, and the entertainments of public life in a way which is strange to an age where industry and wealth are the main objectives. There were many hippodromes in the cities of Greece and of the Roman Empire, but none fulfilled so many functions as that which the Emperor Severus had built for the small Greek city of Byzantium, and which later became the principal adornment of the reborn city of Constantinople. Here the whole life of the New Rome converged. Here were held not merely the races and combats of the time, but most of the serious ceremonies of the life of the city. Here started the solemn procession that inaugurated the financial year—a date as vital to the citizens of those days as it is to the citizens of to-day. Here all the turbulent and angry meetings of political parties took place, and it was here that Emperors were de-throned, malefactors publicly punished, and defeated enemies led in triumph.

In the fourth century A.D. the Emperor Constantine adorned the Hippodrome, which Severus had left unfinished, with many new features. He collected statues, the best of ancient Greece, with which to beautify the simple and rather austere building. We are told that statues stood between the columns that ran round the outside of the building. Many of these were of his choice. We know, because it exists still, that he brought the famous Platean Serpent-column from Delphi, the chief Greek memorial of the defeat of the Persians in 479 B.C. But after the time of Constantine the history of the building is uncertain and obscure.

The first season of excavations, which took place last spring, has at last put us in possession of many facts of fundamental importance, sufficient to enable us to essay a reconstruction. We know at last the dimensions of the building, the character of the row of monuments down the centre, and the uses to which some of them were put. We know the architectural features of the colonnade, the methods of construction

wreaths or similar ornaments of bronze at regular intervals. Large parts of this architrave were found in the course of excavation.

Of the monuments down the centre, three survive to-day. The first is the column usually called the

and next in order comes the famous Obelisk of Theodosius. It is a granite obelisk, inscribed in hieroglyphs, which had been brought from Egypt. The Emperor Theodosius erected it upon a double basis, each part of which was decorated with sculptures in relief. The upper part, however, seems to belong to an earlier period, probably that of Constantine; it is derived from some other monument and adapted to a new use. The reliefs above show an Emperor and his family and retinue watching the races. The reliefs below show a race in progress in the Hippodrome, on the one hand, and a representation of the way in which the obelisk was erected on the other.

Beyond this point certainty of information stops. Our excavations were not pushed very far in this direction. The remaining monuments are hypothetical. But of one thing we can be certain; the row of monuments stood upon the level floor of the Hippodrome, and were, perhaps, railed off during races. The building was in general use as a meeting-place, and free circulation across it was desirable. This would have been rendered difficult if the central monuments had stood upon a high wall, as so many authorities have stated. Actually no trace at all of any such wall was found. At the far end is seen

(Continued on page 618.)



THE HIPPODROME AS IT WAS, PARTLY IN RUINS, JUST BEFORE THE TURKS TOOK CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1453: THE OLDEST KNOWN DRAWING OF IT.

This is the oldest known view of the Hippodrome at Constantinople. It was first published in 1600, at Venice, but is taken from an earlier drawing of the fifteenth century.

Column of Porphyrogenitus. Its origin is obscure, but, as its inscription records, it was covered with bronze and generally embellished in the tenth century A.D. by Constantine VII. In our restoration it is shown with the obelisk coated with bronze upon which were designs in relief. The pedestal also is bronze-encased, and serves as a fountain, the water of which gushes from a spout on each side into basins. There was thus a plentiful supply of water for those engaged in the races or ceremonies, conveniently situated near at hand. This was fully established from the excavations. At the near end of the central row of monuments, the artist has drawn a small pavilion, for which there is some literary authority, but little or no archaeological evidence. It was for the private use of royalty or nobility who wished to observe the races close at hand. At the extreme ends are the three great conical pillars which indicated to the chariot-racers the turning points of the course, which, throughout the history of the building, had to be covered seven times. Next to the Column of Porphyrogenitus is seen a structure

composed of two columns and an architrave, upon which were the symbols used for starting the races, usually amphoræ. These are known from an early Byzantine sculpture, and there is some evidence from old drawings of the existence of columns at this point.

Further along is seen the famous Bronze Serpent, with all its three heads intact, and serving as the spouts for another fountain. The water falls into a basin. The use of this monument as a fountain was established by the clearance at its foundations, which showed how the water had been conveyed to it; the verification of this by archaeology confirms a legend, recorded by two authors, that the Serpent had been so used. The original purpose of the column at Delphi, where it was first erected, was simply to support a tripod of gold.

Beyond the Serpent are two other minor columns, for the presence of which there is sufficient evidence,

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THE MARBLE BASE OF THE COLUMN OF PORPHYROGENITUS, WITH ITS INSCRIPTION: ONE OF THE THREE SURVIVING MONUMENTS IN THE ANCIENT HIPPODROME AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

On the left side is the dedicatory inscription. At the top of the steps at each side is a hole from which spouted the water of the fountain. This column is the first shown in the restoration drawing (on pages 634-635).

of the seats, and of the substructure that supported them. The restoration drawing (on pages 634-635) can thus be taken as the only one which is based upon fully ascertained facts. Much that is there shown is, of course, still hypothetical and problematic, but nothing is depicted which is wholly imaginary.

The building, as there shown, is some 485 yards in length, and 118 in width. The colonnade, which in antiquity was called the *peripatos*, or promenade, still stood, at least at one end, intact down to about 1605. Then it was largely dismantled for the purposes of building. The twenty-six columns which support to-day the colonnade of the courtyard of the Mosque of Sultan Ahmet all come from the Hippodrome. Other parts were found in the course of excavations. The architrave which they support was of a type not uncommon in the East, but rare in the West, with slightly curved face and attached



IN THE VAST SUBSTRUCTURE OF THE CONSTANTINOPLE HIPPODROME: PART OF THE SPHENDONE, FORMERLY STABLES OF ANIMALS FOR THE GAMES, NOW A CISTERN—ARCHES REFLECTED IN WATER.

At the curved end of the Hippodrome at Constantinople is a vast substructure in brick and stone, with twenty-five chambers and a corridor, known in antiquity as the Sphendone (Sling). It was once used for keeping apparatus and animals for the Games, but was later (perhaps in the eighth century) converted into a huge cistern. This cistern still survives as a water-supply.



PENGUINS THAT "BRAY" LIKE A JACKASS.

A VISIT TO DASSEN ISLAND. "ONE TEEMING MASS OF AVINE LIFE."



By COLLINGWOOD INGRAM. (See Illustrations on the opposite Page.)

ONE hears a lot about the sunshine of South Africa, but not much about its high winds. Yet both are equally characteristic of its summer climate. This fact was brought home to me as I made my way down to the docks in the meagre twilight of an October dawn and heard a great south-easter hooting in the house-tops. My heart misgave me. Forty miles of open sea in a small tug! Was it worth it—just to see a few silly penguins? There was certainly no encouragement in the sight

dominicanus) is the chief offender, for it is plentiful, and ceaselessly on the look-out for plunder; but the Sacred Ibis (*Ibis aethiopica*) is also a pirate, and stalks about the island in search of unprotected eggs and fledglings. In the space of three minutes I saw two eggs and a baby penguin snatched away by one of these gulls, this happening under my very nose, so to speak, and under those of their witless owners. These penguins were evidently fatalists, for they made no attempt to protect their belongings, and,

when these had disappeared, merely peered with a vacant and bewildered stare at the empty nest. No wonder a brooding penguin is so loath to leave its charge—a moment's absence, and its progeny has vanished! When one approached a brooding bird, it would lower its head and rotate it with a peculiar rolling motion, uttering at the same time a hoarse, grunting sound. If one's hand was further advanced any nearer to the bird, it would be received with a savage stabbing

thrust, the force of which I did not care to test.

Nesting operations seemed to be in all stages, from freshly-laid eggs to fully grown young—clumsy grey-clad fellows standing close to the burrow mouths. Some of the birds were still busy excavating their breeding caves, and every now and again jets of sand could be seen appearing mysteriously from the ground. When so occupied, the birds made very vigorous attacks on the soil, kicking the loosened sand backwards, for all the world like a burrowing terrier. As far as the eye could reach, penguins could be seen standing about, either singly or in small groups; one and all had the same appearance of resigned patience and wore that half-serious, half-comic expression peculiar to their kind. It is only in the water that they display any *joie de vivre*, diving and splashing about with evident delight as soon as they get into it. Penguins are wonderfully adept in entering the sea during rough weather, and I was amazed at the fearless way they would plunge through the surf of the great on-rushing waves, taking a well-timed "header" into the boiling waters.

During the first half of the breeding season all the eggs are harvested and sent to Cape Town for human consumption, where they find a ready market, being highly esteemed as an article of food. Systematically robbed in this way, the birds will continue laying over a long period—it has been said that as many as twenty eggs have been produced by a single penguin, whereas the normal clutch is one or two.

According to the guardian of the island, incubation lasts twenty-eight days, and the fledging period about two months. The same authority informed me that the young birds invariably gather small stones from the beach to use as ballast before taking to the water. After an absence at sea of some three or four months (during which time they become coated with blubber), the young birds return to the island for their first moult. While this is in progress they remain on land and eat nothing until the change of plumage is completed, the process occupying about four or five weeks. By this time their coating of fat has become exhausted, and they return to the ocean in a very emaciated condition. Despite their vast numbers, the penguins contribute little or nothing to the guano deposits, and, apart from the crop of eggs, are therefore of no economic value.

On Dassen Island the guano is produced by a small black cormorant, known in South Africa as the Duiker (*Phalacrocorax capensis*). On the outcropping rocks that encircle the island these nest in such multitudes that every available nook and cranny seems to be occupied by them. They are said to produce about fifteen hundred tons of guano per annum, which is sold by the Government to the farmers of South Africa at about £7 per ton.

There are several other "bird" islands owned by the Union Government, those occupied by Cape Gannets or Malagas (*Sula capensis*) being the most profitable. One small islet, called Ichaboe, is stated to yield as many as thirty thousand bags of guano every year.

Another interesting breeding species on Dassen Island is the little Kitlitz Plover (*Egialitis pecuaria*), a southern relative of the ringed plover of our English coasts. While the cormorants and penguins are large enough to protect their eggs and young from the gulls by the simple expedient of brooding over them, this diminutive bird has to adopt other methods. Upon leaving its nest the Kitlitz Plover invariably covers its eggs with sand, this being done not only to screen them from view, but also, no doubt, as a protection against the fierce rays of the African sun. The rapidity with which the operation is performed is truly amazing. No matter how suddenly the incubating bird is surprised, the eggs will always be found covered. Assisted by a companion and a powerful pair of binoculars, I was able to see how this was effected. Alarmed by my friend's rapid advance, the bird hurriedly rose to her feet and, with a series of surprisingly quick, dance-like kicks, turned through half a circle, and then



THE PENGUIN EGG HARVEST ON DASSEN ISLAND, SOME FORTY MILES FROM THE CAPE: A PARTY OF EGG-GATHERERS WITH THEIR BASKETS, AND PENGUINS STANDING BESIDE THEIR "BURROWS."

of the little vessel that was going to convey us to Dassen Island. It is true her broad beam, flat nose, and general bull-doggy appearance gave a sense of strength, but at the same time she seemed ridiculously tiny to face the huge seas that were coming roaring in from the open Atlantic.

We were scarcely clear of shelter before the little boat was awash from stem to stern, and her decks became untenable. Those who did not care to face the rank stuffiness of her cabin—and I was one of these—had to seek refuge on the bridge. Here we found the skipper, a red-faced, taciturn old man, peering over the weather-screen, mumbling softly to himself. Evidently he resented the lively behaviour of his charge. Whenever she ducked her nose into a specially large wave, and viciously tossed its green crest aloft, drenching us from head to foot, his mumbling took articulate form, and he would mutter between his teeth, "You little devil!" or some equally uncomplimentary epithet.

It was certainly not a pleasant voyage, and nobody, I think, was sorry when at last we reached the quiet waters of a sandy cove on the lee side of Dassen Island. A handful of coloured men, the lighthouse keeper, and a solemn little party of penguins were waiting by the boat-house to meet us. Those were all the human inhabitants—for the guardian of the island had been to the mainland, and was returning by the tug—but a glance showed that the penguins were merely the outposts of an immense army of equally solemn, quaint-looking birds. These belonged to the species called the Black-footed, or Jackass, Penguin (*Spheniscus demersus*), the latter name being derived from the bird's peculiar braying cry. Some years ago a German, with his Teutonic love for statistics, made a laborious calculation of their numbers, and declared that there were approximately five millions on Dassen Island. Be this as it may, from end to end the island is one teeming mass of avine life.

The penguins nest evenly over the ground, every yard or so being occupied by a breeding pair. These usually excavate a sort of burrow, or cave, in the sand; but, when the hardness of the ground prevents this, the eggs are laid in a shallow depression, either on the bare soil or amongst a few twigs that have to do duty for a nest. It is essential that one of the parents be always in attendance guarding against the cannibal appetites of their neighbours. The rapacious Southern Black-backed Gull (*Larus*



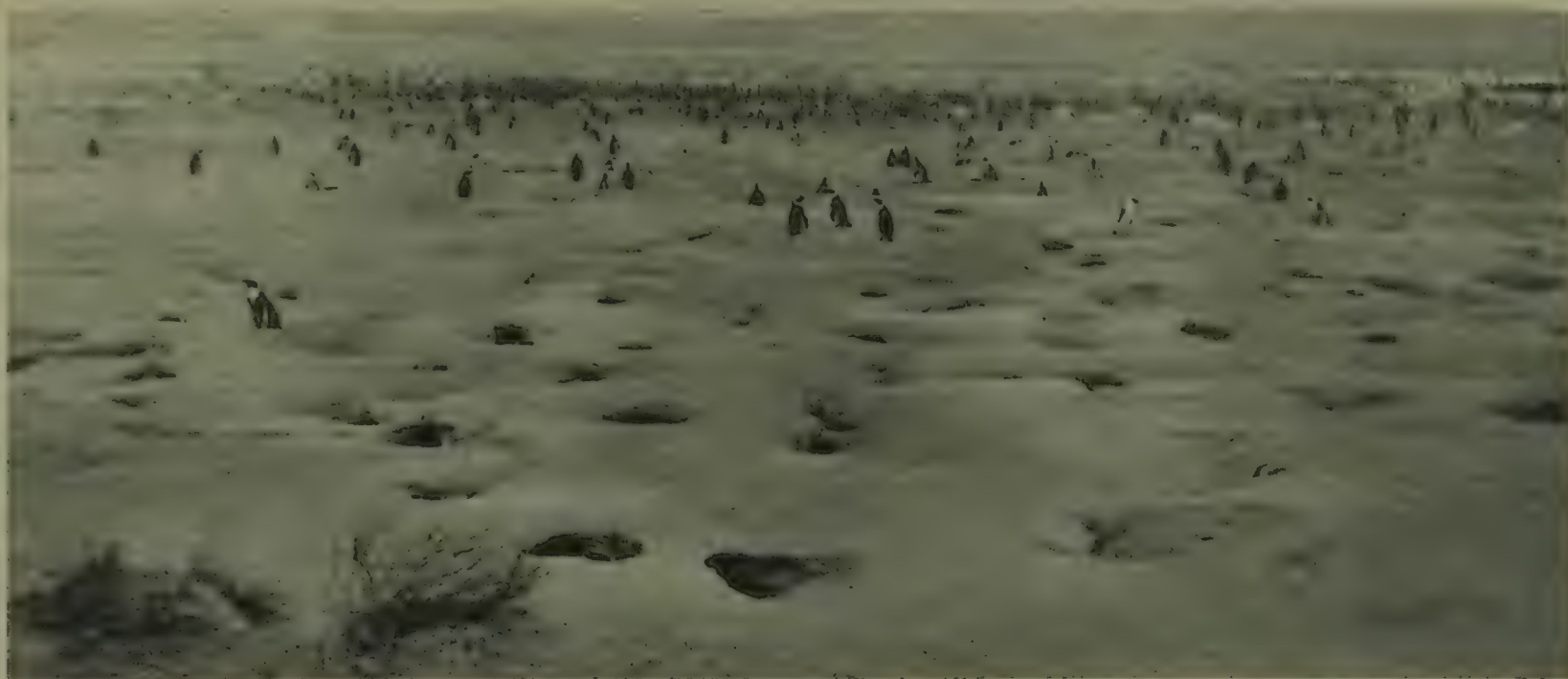
PENGUIN EGGS AS A MUCH-ESTEEMED DELICACY FOR THE CAPE TOWN MARKET: INHABITANTS OF DASSEN ISLAND WITH BASKETS OF EGGS DURING THE FIRST HALF OF THE BIRDS' BREEDING SEASON.

Photographs by Miss J. W. Steytler.

made off—the whole operation occupying less than a couple of seconds. Upon examination the eggs were found to be evenly buried under a layer of smooth sand, there being scarcely a tell-tale mark to reveal their whereabouts.

A SOUTH AFRICAN ISLE OF PENGUINS: BIRDS OF DASSEN ISLAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MISS J. W. STEYTLER. (SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



"AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD REACH, PENGUINS COULD BE SEEN STANDING ABOUT": THE BREEDING-GROUNDS ON DASSEN ISLAND, WHERE THEY DIG A BURROW IN THE SAND OR LAY THEIR EGGS IN A SHALLOW DEPRESSION, KEEPING GUARD AGAINST MARAUDING GULLS OR IBIS, THAT STEAL EGGS OR FLEDGLINGS.



"A SOLEMN LITTLE PARTY OF PENGUINS WAITING TO MEET US. . . IT IS ONLY IN THE WATER THAT THEY DISPLAY ANY JOIE DE VIVRE, DIVING AND SPLASHING ABOUT WITH EVIDENT DELIGHT": THE BEACH ON DASSEN ISLAND, AND THE TUG THAT BROUGHT VISITORS FROM CAPE TOWN.

These photographs illustrate Mr. Collingwood Ingram's very interesting account (given on the opposite page) of his visit to the penguin colony on Dassen Island, near the Cape. A little party of penguins were waiting on the shore when the visitors landed. "But a glance showed that the penguins were merely the outposts of an immense army of equally solemn, quaint-looking birds. These belonged to the species called the Black-footed or Jackass Penguins. . . From end to end the island is one teeming mass of avine life. The penguins nest evenly over the ground, every yard or so being occupied

by a breeding pair. These usually excavate a sort of burrow, or cave, in the sand, but, when the hardness of the ground prevents this, the eggs are laid in a shallow depression. It is essential that one of the parents be always in attendance guarding against the cannibal appetites of their neighbours. . . As far as the eye could reach penguins could be seen standing about either singly or in small groups: one and all had the same appearance of resigned patience, and wore that half-serious, half-comic expression peculiar to their kind. It is only in the water that they display any *joie de vivre*."

THE WORLD OF WOMEN: A PAGE OF PERSONALITIES.



DURING THE FIRST "STATE VISIT" PAID BY A CHINESE NATIONALIST TO HONG KONG: LADY CLEMENTI, WIFE OF THE GOVERNOR; HER CHILDREN; AND GUESTS.

In accordance with Chinese etiquette, the ladies were grouped apart from the men when they were photographed at Government House during the visit to Hong Kong of Marshal Li Chai-Sum, Chief of the General Staff of the Nationalist Forces and Governor of Canton. Lady Clementi is seen in the centre of the front row. On her right hand is Mme. Li Chai-Sum; and on her left hand is Mrs. Li Man-Yan, wife of the Marshal's Chief Secretary and First Lady-in-Waiting to Mme. Li Chai-Sum. The other ladies are representative of the leading Chinese families in Hong Kong.



DAME MADGE KENDAL PRESENTED WITH HER PORTRAIT: THE FAMOUS ACTRESS RECEIVING THE PICTURE BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN.

On April 3, that famous actress, Dame Madge Kendal, was presented with an Orpen portrait of herself, which will be seen at this year's Royal Academy. This gift, made by a number of her old friends, was unveiled on the stage of the New Theatre, and was actually presented by Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, who is seen on the right.



MISS ISOBEL Y. MCGOWAN.

Engaged to Mr. D'Arcy Melville Stephens-Elder daughter of Sir Harry and Lady McGowan. The engagement of her brother, Mr. Harry McGowan, to Miss Jean S. Ferguson was announced on the same day.



MRS. ALICE P. HARGREAVES.

The original Alice of "Alice in Wonderland," and owner of the manuscript which was sold by auction on April 3 to Dr. Rosenbach, of the U.S.A., for £15,400, a British record.



MISS CHRISTINA S. RAM.

Engaged to Captain Howard Kerr, O.B.E., 11th Hussars, an Equerry to H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, since 1924. The only child of the late Mr. Arthur Ram, of Ramsford, Co. Wexford.



THE WEDDING OF MR. MICHAEL LAFONE AND LADY ELIZABETH BYNG: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

The wedding of Mr. Michael Lafone, only son of Major and Mrs. E. M. Lafone, and Lady Elizabeth Byng, elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strafford, took place at Nairobi on Jan. 26.



MISS MARJORIE MAXSE, WHO HAS BEEN APPOINTED DEPUTY PRINCIPAL AGENT TO THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

Formerly administrator of the women's organisation of the Conservative Party. She will thus be the third of the active heads of the organisation: the others being Mr. J. C. C. Davidson, Chairman of the Conservative Party Organisation, and Mr. H. Robert Topping, the Principal Agent.



MISS MARGARET BEAVAN, THE LORD MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL: A BELOW-MERSEY GREETING.

Miss Beavan is here seen shaking hands with the Mayor of Birkenhead, after Sir Archibald Salvidge (left) had pierced the barrier of rock between the two tunnels which have now become one, and will be the £5,000,000 subterranean "highway" between Lancashire and North Wales—the Mersey Tunnel. It will be noted that both the Lord Mayor and the Mayor wore the badge of office.



Signpost . . . we're all right . . . straight on, step on it . . . 40 . . . 50 . . . Fifty-four . . . Dead Slow! . . . X-Roads . . . Rural Dis. Council . . . Dangerous exceed 8 miles . . . pretty village . . . SCHOOL . . . change down . . . George & Dragon . . . nice old pub . . . Lunch here? Brakes . . . switch off . . . TWO WORTHINGTONS, please.

THE FINE ART OF COLLECTING.

VIII.—THE GOLDEN AGE OF ENGLISH FURNITURE.

By ARTHUR HAYDEN, Author of "Bye-Paths in Collecting," "English China," "Old Furniture," etc.

name to something subsequently associated with her reign. What we now call Queen Anne furniture undoubtedly may well run into the reign of George I.—that is, quite the first quarter of the eighteenth century. But Queen Anne it is, and Queen Anne it will ever be, even as later Staffordshire mugs with their inscriptions, "To the pious memory of good Queen Anne."

In regard to colour and all that is golden, it so happened at this particular moment that English cabinet-makers and designers found that the solid walnut of the Stuarts was too wasteful in a country which grew little walnut. Possibly they learned something of the Dutch veneer of marqueterie. But they entered upon a great period of veneer, obviously feeling that the fine character and figure of walnut was wasted. Accordingly they set about putting layers or veneers of walnut on oak bodies or on pine, as we find them now in cabinets and chests of drawers belonging to that period. These results of the early eighteenth-century cabinet-maker stand out as being wonderfully golden in colour as pieces of selection. It may be admitted that this veneer has nothing of the governance of wood which the modern expert

nowadays can lay more deftly than wall-paper. But the days of Queen Anne represent the advent of veneer. Curiously enough, this particularly English style has not only won distinction as being joyously prized by many English connoisseurs, but nowadays not a few Dutch collectors have come into the field as though they might possibly have the thought that this early eighteenth-century veneer has some sort of affinity with the Delft veneer of glaze superimposed upon earthenware to simulate porcelain.

It must not be forgotten that, while Queen Anne's cabinet-makers were fashioning their quiet and reticent pieces of design, soberly determining the beginning of a great English style, Steele and Addison were laying a new foundation for English prose in their *Spectator*, Swift was writing biting invective, Pope was in the heyday of his triumphs, and Defoe, after a thousand journalistic triumphs, was cutting his quill to write his inimitable "Robinson Crusoe."

Nor must it be forgotten, too, that claw-and-ball feet in chairs heavy and massive were in fashion in walnut. Mahogany was just beginning to be a fashionable wood when Thomas Chippendale was a boy of ten. Gaming was a pastime; accordingly card-tables are a great feature, with round corners afterwards square to fit the candlesticks of the period. Hooped-backed chairs with fiddle splat came into being, and shell and pendent ornament on knees of cabriole legs is noticeable. Tea-caddies were in general use. Naturally, with the Queen drinking tea at the Orangery

at Kensington with Mrs. Masham and Mrs. Freeman, her bosom friends, all the fashionable world took tea. Nowadays the delightful stillness of this golden period of colour and its quiet restraint of design makes an appeal. It represents the background of an English life which had departed from the somewhat foreign magnificence of the seventeenth century. It leaves at once the pages of De Grammont and Pepys, and impinges upon a homelier world.

Collectors have always loved what may be termed the unfinished or imperfect technique of the thickly imposed walnut veneer, which has a tendency very characteristically to show a blistered appearance when viewed sideways. It may be observed that all so-called Queen Anne cabinets, and so on, that are superlatively flat are to be regarded somewhat dubiously; on the other hand, the most clever imitators have simulated the failings of the veneerer most exactly. It is as though one may be viewing canvases of Old Masters set forth speciously as being genuine because of a network of cracks. Possibly old age has induced the veneer to spring, possibly not. In fabrications it is always offered as a proof of old age. It is better for the collector to consult a reputable dealer, and to see authenticated examples of this period, than to jump at impossible bargains on his own judgment. The best of us are often mistaken. It is always wise to have expert advice.

Examined complacently, the Queen Anne or the early Georgian period—that is, the first quarter of the eighteenth century—may be said to lie between a great period of colour and restlessness of form of the days of James and William of Orange and the oncoming outburst of form that was exemplified by Chippendale in the new wood, mahogany, with all its graces and its French and Chinese mannerisms.

The Queen Anne period opens at once a domestic period when the Englishman set out to embellish his own home with usable furniture. Chests of drawers, tall-boys (now termed such), cabinets with intimate

nests of secret compartments, chairs that men could sit upon, solid tables that spelt comfort—these laid the foundations of the modern home, which ran for nearly two centuries through a solidity of mahogany, and passed through stages of design which latter modernity determines to be early Victorian or worse. But it must be a tribute paid to long-dead cabinet-makers of the Queen Anne era that their creations are now sought after eagerly to furnish the twentieth-century home. It may be, but it is a long and far-distant thought, that collectors of the twenty-first century will search out and collect and value what is being made nowadays. There is the possibility, but it seems remote.



IT should be postulated that, in speaking of the golden age, colour must be considered to be the predominant note. In speaking of colour in this connection, one must consider solely the furniture itself, and dismiss its trappings and its environment. It is easy to imagine colour with all the great delectations of the early Stuart period, engirt with rich tapestries, and holding sparkling contemporary portraits by Vandyck on the walls. Sumptuous beds had their gilded hangings, now dim and faded at Hampton Court. Fine needlework came to embellish exquisitely convoluted furniture. These were in late Stuart days, till all these delights of a Whitehall Court were swept aside by Puritan iconoclasts as being of Belial. A person named Dowsing went finely to work under Cromwell, and has left part of his record of destruction. "At Sunbury," he writes, "we broke down ten mighty angels in glass. At Barham brake down the twelve apostles in the chancel, and six superstitious pictures more there." It is recorded that this person with his myrmidons scoured some hundred and fifty parishes. This mainly alludes to sacred effigies.



A QUEEN ANNE CARD-TABLE OF ABOUT 1712, WITH BEAUTIFUL SHELL ORNAMENT ON THE CABRIOLE LEGS: ITS APPEARANCE WITH THE TOP CLOSED AND COVERING THE CORNER RECEPTACLES FOR CANDLESTICKS.

When open, the table displays receptacles for candlesticks, one at each corner, and sunk wells for the guineas of the players. It has the usual cabriole legs of the period, with beautiful shell ornament, and delicate claw-and-ball feet.

Photographs on this Page by Courtesy of Messrs. Edwards and Sons.

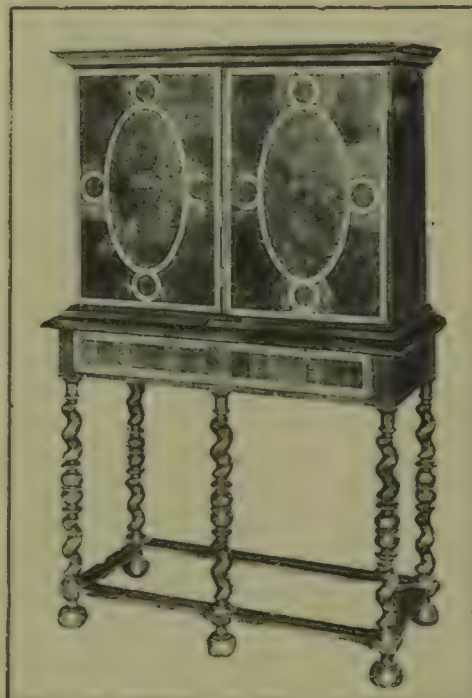
One wonders whether, in regard to Stuart splendour in furniture, the new disposers did not enjoy rather than destroy much of the fine furniture they seized.

Of colour, leaving Elizabethan grandioseness apart, one may think of early Stuart or late Stuart: the first period an echo of the great Elizabethan glory of colour; the later including the gorgeous Court of Charles I., with Vandyck and a crowd of colourists, when Mortlake made her tapestries, till there came a full stop with the Battle of Naseby. With Charles II. came another burst of colour, and one associates his reign with a great galaxy of lacquered cabinets coming from the East under the auspices of Catherine of Braganza, his Queen, with delightful stands, sometimes silvered, of the school of Grinling Gibbons—possibly the greatest outburst of carving ever made in this country, so dazzling as to puzzle the expert as to whether they were made abroad or by foreign craftsmen settled here.

To pass at once from this blaze of tapestry, of lacquer, and the marqueterie of the preceding Orange period with its Dutch influence, the eighteenth century opened in England under Queen Anne, who, however short her reign, gave a touch to newer fashions. Walnut succeeded oak, and gave its colour and its



ONE OF THE FINEST EXAMPLES OF QUEEN ANNE FURNITURE: AN ARM-CHAIR OF EXQUISITE WALNUT, FROM A SET OF EIGHT, WITH HOOPED BACK AND FIDDLE SPLAT. This chair has the glorious golden colour of the finest period of walnut furniture, with exquisite figure and well-preserved veneer. In design it is regarded as something unparalleled. It is one of a set of eight hooped-back chairs, of which two are arm-chairs similar to this, with the well-balanced fiddle splat in the back so dominant in Queen Anne's reign.



FURNITURE OF THE EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: A WALNUT CABINET (4 FT. 9 IN. HIGH), WITH NESTS OF DRAWERS AND FINELY TURNED SPIRAL LEGS.

Here we have a well-balanced example of walnut furniture, exhibiting its well-known characteristics, with nests of drawers. It is set on gracefully turned legs with ball feet, and has supporting square stretchers introduced in the reign of Queen Anne.

LET us consider hats in general.



There are hats that are talked about, hats that are talked through—thrown in the air, sworn by.

The hat, which is for one man the symbol of his sovereignty, is for another merely an article of diet, the indigestible penalty of a rash wager.

And let us consider *this* hat. Johnnie Walker's. The hat to which all the aforementioned are raised in token of a respect not unmingled with affection.



JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—Still going Strong!



COMMODORE VANDERBILT.

(Continued from Page 622.)

canal clean across Nicaragua," made answer: "That's a real idee, son."

Haste must be served. Corneel was the very man for the moment. He prospected the San Juan and proved that, with the aid of blasting-powder, the river could be made navigable for moderate-sized river steamers, at all events as far as the Castillo rapids. "Passengers disembarked there, and after a short portage resumed their journey in the Lake steamers." To that extent he defeated the engineers who had denied the practicability of the venture. He would recall: "No, that wasn't much to it. I jest tied down the safety-valve, and jumped the damned rocks. . . . We made it. Hell! I knew all it needed was guts."

Nothing could withstand such "go-aheaditiveness"—and Dame Fortune curtseyed. At the brink of sixty, the Commodore was the second richest man in America, with his private yacht, the *North Star*, costing fifteen hundred dollars a day to run, and inspiring the *Daily News* to an editorial in which it was written: "Listening to the details of this new floating palace, it seems natural to think upon the riches of the owner, and to associate him with the Cosmo de Medicis, the Andrea Fuggers, the Jacques Cœurs, the Richard Whittingtons of the past; but this is wrong. Mr. Vanderbilt is a sign of the times. . . . Mr. Vanderbilt is a legitimate product of his country—the Medicis, Fuggers, and others were exceptional cases in theirs. They were fortunate monopolists, who, by means of capital and crushing privileges, sucked up the wealth of the community. . . . It took Florence nearly fifteen centuries to produce one Cosmo, and she never brought forth another. America was not known four centuries ago, yet she turns out her Vanderbilts, small and large, every year. . . . The great feature to be noted in America is that all its citizens have full permission to run the race in which Mr. Vanderbilt has gained such immense prizes."

Full permission to run the race." Yes; but such as the Commodore are apt to arrange handicaps!

The hibernating of the astonishing William Walker, the manoeuvres of competitors, and the taxing of hulls and engines complicated Corneel's affairs, but, as was his custom, he won, although he gave up shipping in disgust and turned to railroads, the railroads he had despised. And, at "gittin' on for seventy," he went blithely to battle once more. The rest is History: Daniel Drew, Jim Fisk, Jay Gould; corrupt legislators handling banknotes from the Commodore's carpet-bag; manipulations of stock; stock fresh from the printing machines to meet demands; Wall Street panics; and the rest; notably the Erie War waged about that broken-down road of whose stock the brokerage offices remarked: "Dan'l says up—Erie goes up. Dan'l

says down—Erie goes down. Dan'l says wiggle-waggle—Erie bobs both ways."

History—and amazing history: as astonishing and engrossing as any that has to do with Finance frenzied and ferocious. Here there is but space to call attention to it, as attention has been called to other phases of the Commodore's career. For the rest, recourse must be had to the picturesque biography before us, a work that will certainly rank with the best of its kind, for it is as understanding as it is outspoken, a perfect study of the complete egoist.

E. H. G.

THE HIPPODROME OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

(Continued from Page 647)

the Kathisma, the building in which the Emperor and his staff sat and, in a sense, presided. Below it are the archways from which the chariots started. The building, which has almost completely vanished, is here restored upon the basis of Byzantine Palace buildings of about the time of Justinian. The principal gateways were on each side of the Kathisma. The actual royal box is at some height above the ground.

The general effect in colour of the Hippodrome would have been one of yellowish marble, richly adorned with dark-green bronze. Still more bronze, on statues and columns, was seen down the centre. At the end, the rich red brick courses of the Kathisma front would have added a tinge of brighter colour. There would have been none of the vivid blues, tomato-reds, mauves, and orange that make up the colour scheme of Constantinople to-day. The ancient city was one of quiet tones and autumn tints.

In the actual conduct of the races there was probably less discipline than might have been imagined. Men stood at intervals in the centre and at the sides with whips to lash on backward competitors. They are so shown on the reliefs of the Obelisk of Theodosius. The crowd looking on was riotous, and often uncontrollable. Riots at the games often developed into political upheavals. The restoration shows the Hippodrome as it must have been in the tenth or eleventh century, before the arrival of the Crusaders ruined much of its grandeur and stripped it of its finery. The history of the monuments of the city after the capture in 1204 by the Crusaders is one of neglect and gradual decay, despite all the efforts at revival of the great family of the Palæologues.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE STRANGER IN THE HOUSE," AT WYNDHAM'S.

The authors of "The Stranger in the House," Messrs. Morton and Traill, have a story to tell, and a theme they work out on orthodox lines, and yet somehow the play seems strangely old-fashioned. Their heroine is a wife and mother in revolt, a patient creature who, after being consistently ignored by husband and children for years, resolves to live her own life, at forty-odd, and goes off to South Africa with an old flame. If she and her stage-companions were anything more than hackneyed types, it might be worth while to point out that women who have borne for twenty years what Rosamund Withers endured, go on bearing it; have too little enterprise, have become too apathetic for sudden revolt. And, similarly, the authors might be told that a grandmother, even with the charm of a Mary Rorke, is the last person likely to countenance a mother's desertion of her children. But plausibility can hardly be expected in so mechanical a drama as this. Fortunately, there is Miss Sybil Thorndike in the cast, who gives us moments of pathos; while Miss Maisie Darrell hits off neatly the (more or less imaginary) hard young girl of to-day; and Mr. Nicholas Hannen tries hard to make talk about the "wide spaces" of South Africa sound natural. The acting at Wyndham's, at any rate, is not old-fashioned.

"WILL O' THE WHISPERS," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

"Will o' the Whispers," at the Shaftesbury, is one of those go-as-you-please entertainments in which there is something to please everybody. Those who like drawing-room ballads will like Mr. Jack Smith as he warbles at the piano; and if they want more songs, there are Miss Elsa Macfarlane and Mr. George Metaxa to gratify their taste. Those who like dancing will enjoy the sprightly turn of Miss Elsie Percival; marvel at the skill of Mlle. Desha and her two partners, who toss her to and fro; and settle down delightedly to the familiar charms of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" ballet. And those who enjoy hearty fun will welcome every appearance of that remarkable comedian, Billy Bennett, and wish that Margaret Yarde shared some of his scenes a little longer.

(Other Playhouse Notes on page 658.)

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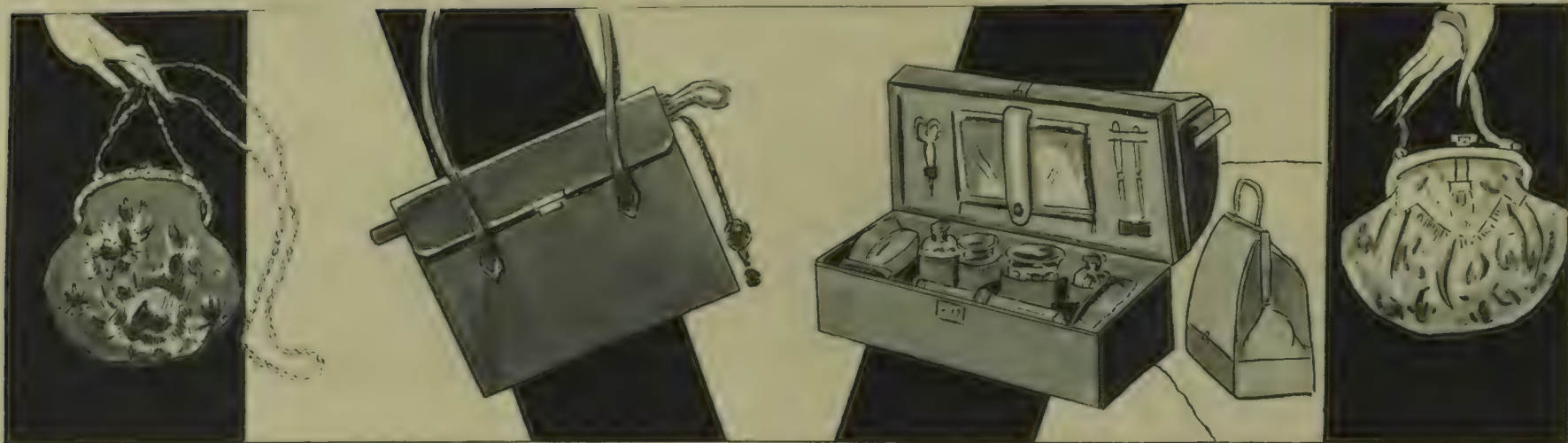
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A group of smart handbags for all occasions from J. C. Vickery's, Regent Street, W. Two views of the kitbag are given.

Fashions & Fancies

Summer Furs.

The early spring mannequin parades always hold surprises for us in the matter of summer furs. A few seasons ago everything was chinchilla (or its more humble cousin, the chinchilla rabbit), and last year white fur coats and capes were seen everywhere. This season, however, the furs are more unusual. Summer ermine, in that lovely shade of light golden-brown, is very fashionable, and also russet-dyed moleskin, worked

and shaded in a marvellous sunray effect. At one dress show the *pièce de résistance* was a cloak fashioned entirely of natural lynx, the skins worked diagonally in a spiral pattern. It is possibly the first time that lynx has been used to form an entire wrap, and the softness of the fur made it an exquisite setting for a beautiful woman. The "spotted" parts were all carefully matched and regulated to fit in with the general pattern. For sports and motoring, coats of dark pony-skin trimmed with krimmer lamb dyed to a lighter shade of brown, and neatly belted with leather, are the leading favourites.

The New "Restaurant Ensemble."

Nowadays there is almost a uniform for dining in a public restaurant before going on to a theatre. Based, perhaps, on a very old idea that heads should be covered before food, fashion has designed the most fascinating little caps in diamanté and crystal embroidery, framing the face and ears like the head-dress of Cleopatra. No hair is allowed to show at the sides, but the cap itself has side-pieces which project most becomingly over the cheek. So close-fitting are these amusing little caps that they look almost like silvered wigs from the back. With these are worn either diminutive long-sleeved coatees in black net studded with large flat sequins, or gossamer capes, also of net, usually cut in three points, the long one at the back and the two shorter ones falling over the arms. Sometimes these capes have draped hoods at the back like a burnous, and it is rumoured that in a Paris restaurant a smart woman was actually seen wearing the hood as a novel kind of head-dress.

The Cape in the Daytime.

Even during the day the cape-coat is smart this season for travelling and sports wraps. A characteristic new model for tennis or the South of France is pictured on the left of this page. It is carried out in

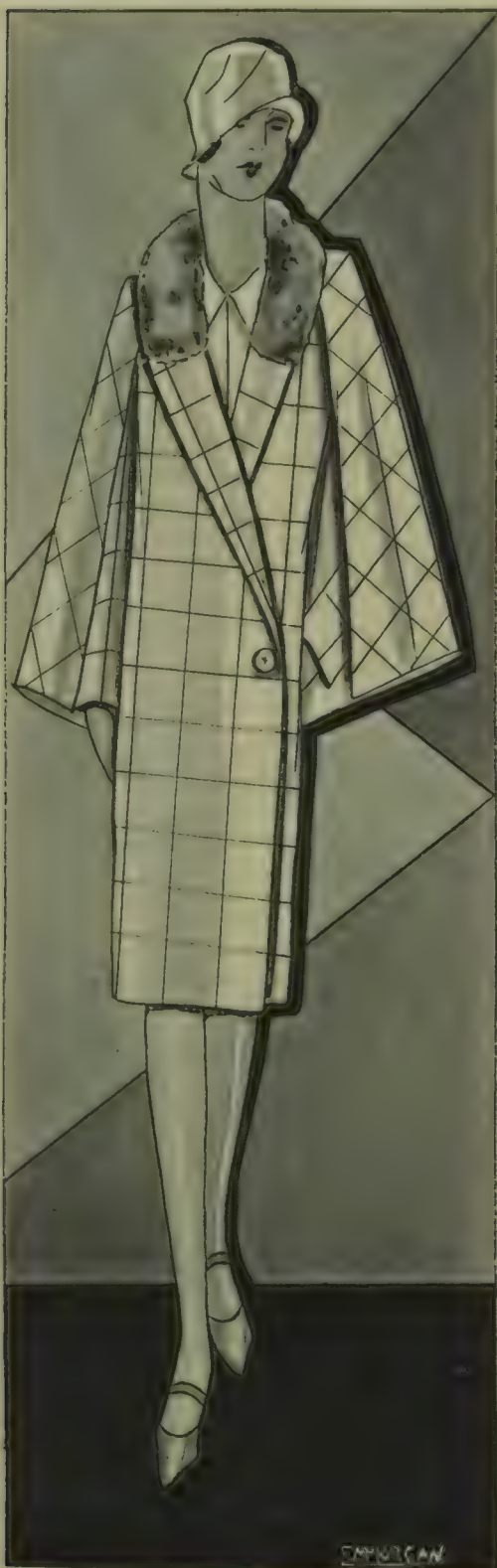
very fine white repp checked with black, and is trimmed with a collar in imitation chinchilla. The price is 10½ guineas at Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, S.W., or 6½ guineas without the collar. Another smart coat to be found in these salons, introducing a variation of the mode, has a fascinating one-sided cape attached. The cape reaches on one side to the end of the sleeve, and on the other dips to a point almost passing the edge of the cape. There is no collar, but broad checked revers continue the whole way down the front. It can be carried out in suiting or in silk marocain, and costs 8½ guineas. For town wear there is a fashionable coat in rich Sultane cord material trimmed with fringe, costing only 5 guineas, an appropriate coat for all afternoon functions.

Bags Large and Small.

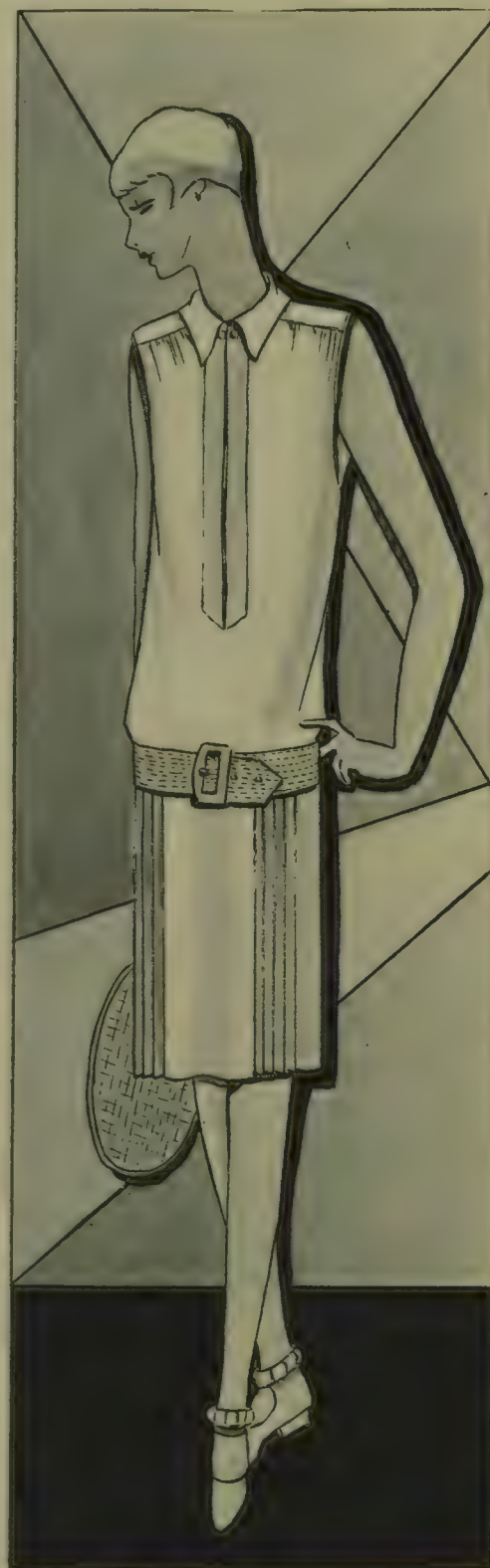
The effect of the most fashionable ensemble is frequently spoiled by an inappropriate handbag. There should be one for every type of frock, just as the hat is varied. Sketched at the top of this page are a typical quartette of the season's newest bags from J. C. Vickery's, Regent Street, W. In the centre are those for shopping and travelling. The shopping bag on the left is fitted with an umbrella through the handle, thus saving space and one's clothes at the same time. The "kit bag" on the right is ideal for travelling. The lower part forms a case fitted with every toilet requisite, while the upper is a convenient "pouchy" shape which will contain money, passports, and even a certain amount of clothes. The two other bags are for the evening or for elaborate afternoon frocks. The one on the left is beautifully embroidered with flowers, mounted on a brilliant-studded frame. This is available for £3 12s. 6d., and 27s. 6d. will secure the gold and green brocade bag on the right. Lovely bags of every description can be obtained here from 1 guinea upwards.

Well-Cut Tennis Frocks.

Robinson and Cleaver, of Regent Street, W., are well known for their tennis frocks, which combine smartness with intense practicality. The one pictured here, for instance, is in washing crêpe-de-Chine, perfectly tailored and giving complete freedom of movement. Several sizes are available, and the price is 79s. 6d. Other frocks in spun washing silk can be obtained from 29s. 9d., and there are linen tennis dresses available from 9s. 11d., with hats to match at 12s. 9d. Linen jumper suits, beautifully hand-embroidered, are obtainable in the loveliest colours for 21s. 9d. Then there are most fascinating tennis waistcoats with gay Rumanian embroidery on a white background, costing only 15s. each.



A smart tennis coat for the spring in white repp checked in black, and collared with fur. It comes from Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W.



Thoroughly neat and practical is this pretty tennis frock of washing crêpe-de-Chine, well pleated and tucked, which is a speciality of Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W.

silk can be obtained from 29s. 9d., and there are linen tennis dresses available from 9s. 11d., with hats to match at 12s. 9d. Linen jumper suits, beautifully hand-embroidered, are obtainable in the loveliest colours for 21s. 9d. Then there are most fascinating tennis waistcoats with gay Rumanian embroidery on a white background, costing only 15s. each.

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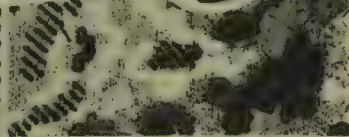
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Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away, and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivory covers of the book mentioned above.

Remarkable results follow this method. Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

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Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of "Facktative" have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the "Facktative" Co. (Suite 76), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.

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Details of Design.

What is known as the 14-40-h.p. has made a very enviable reputation for itself. It has now been supplemented by a "hotted-up" edition of itself. The new model is known as the two-litre Speed Model, and is designed to provide really fast travel in comfort for long-distance tourists. Generally speaking, the engine remains the same except that it has been set further back in the chassis in order to improve the general balance of the car. Twin overhead cam-shafts are still used, and there is really no important deviation from the standard design. The additional speed and engine efficiency have been attained by general lightening of parts and chassis and bodywork, although the specially designed gear-box plays an important part. This has higher and closer gear ratios than the



A 9-20-H.P. HUMBER FABRIC SALOON AT A HISTORIC SPOT: BY THE RUINS OF WINGFIELD MANOR HOUSE, DERBYSHIRE, WHERE MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS WAS ONCE INCARCERATED.

Wingfield Manor House was reduced to ruins by Cromwell's artillery. Mary Stuart was once a captive there. The grounds are open to visitors. This particular car, by the way, sells for £285.

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more sedate car. The bore and stroke remain the same, 72 by 120, which implies a £13 annual tax. The admirable chassis lubrication system has been retained, by which all grease points not easy of access are connected to a central battery on each side of the frame.

A Cruising Speed of Sixty.

What I like best about the Lagonda's performance on the road is the way in which it runs between fifty and sixty miles an hour. Up to about fifty its performance, while distinctly good, is not particularly striking, but from that speed onwards the acceleration becomes remarkable, and the engine seems to settle down comfortably into a particularly sweet-running period. I do not know many cars which run more pleasantly at a mile a minute than this new Lagonda. It may be argued that for this country nobody wants to run at such a speed for more than a minute or so. The only answer is an invitation to the critic to drive the car himself. Sixty miles an hour is certainly a very high speed indeed, and not many cars reach and hold it so easily as the Lagonda, or are so easily controlled while travelling at that pace. From this it can be deduced that the four-wheel brake set, which is of the "straight" kind, unassisted by vacuum servo, is really efficient. On the occasion of my trial this set needed attention, as there was a slight drag to the near side on quick application.

Although it seemed to me that sixty miles an hour was the show speed, the car is capable of a good deal more. It does not matter how much more, but I should imagine that seventy-five was well within its powers. I should not call the engine or the gear-box particularly quiet in action, but such noise as they make is merely the sort of noise you expect from a specially efficient machine. The hum of the gears is not too pronounced, but I have known quieter ones. Naturally with a car of this type the gear-box is used a great deal more by the conscientious driver than in an ordinary car. In fact, the Lagonda is a car which needs driving, but which generously rewards you for the trouble you take over getting the best out of it. In spite of its high top speed it has an excellent performance on the direct drive. The slope from the railway bridge near Epsom Downs Station to the top of Burgh Heath was taken very fast on top gear, the

(Continued overleaf.)

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(Continued.)
speedometer only once falling below forty miles an hour—at the junction of the Epsom Road.

A Good Climber. Such a climb as that argues real efficiency, attributable in this case entirely to engine design. I make a point of this, as it seemed to me that the carburetter



ON THE ROAD NEAR COLESHILL, WARWICKSHIRE: A WOLSELEY 21-60-H.P. "STRAIGHT EIGHT."

occasionally let the engine down. Every now and then at rather unexpected moments a flat spot would manifest itself and tend to spoil the car's performance. For example, Pebblecombe Hill, which has a gradient of one in six at the top, called for bottom gear. I am pretty sure that the climb could have been made on second, had it not been for just that fatal hesitation which I noticed on opening the throttle after the change from third to second. The steering is excellent, light and steady, though, for my taste, a little low-geared. Gear-changing is unusually easy from third to top, but a certain amount of care must be exercised in changing down from third to second or from top to second if scrape is to be avoided.

Bodywork.

The model I tried was the Weymann saloon costing £750. It is a very good example of its kind, having plenty of room, with sliding front bucket seats and most of the luxurious features we expect in a car of this class. The upholstery is pneumatic throughout, and although as a rule I do not care for pneumatic squabs, preferring something firmer to lean against, the air in the Lagonda cushions was so well controlled that I really had no complaint to make. The lines of the car are excellent, and the interior is well lit in spite of its only having the usual four windows. The springing, I thought, was a considerable improvement on the earlier model of the semi-sports type. I took two or three bad patches with which I am very familiar at high speeds, and was decidedly impressed with the easy way in which the springs absorbed the shocks.

The dashboard equipment includes a revolution counter, which is one of the most useful gadgets a decent driver can have. It is specially handy in a car of this type, where gear-changing at exactly the right moment counts for so much. There is also one of the new type of dashboard petrol-gauges which looks like a small thermometer, the red tell-tale liquid being absolutely rock steady at all times.

Altogether, I thought the new fast Lagonda a very interesting car. It is not, perhaps, so gentle in its ways as the semi-sports model, and it would be unreasonable to expect it; but, as I said, when it gets into its own particular speed of about a mile a minute its behaviour is unexampled.—JOHN PRIOLEAU.

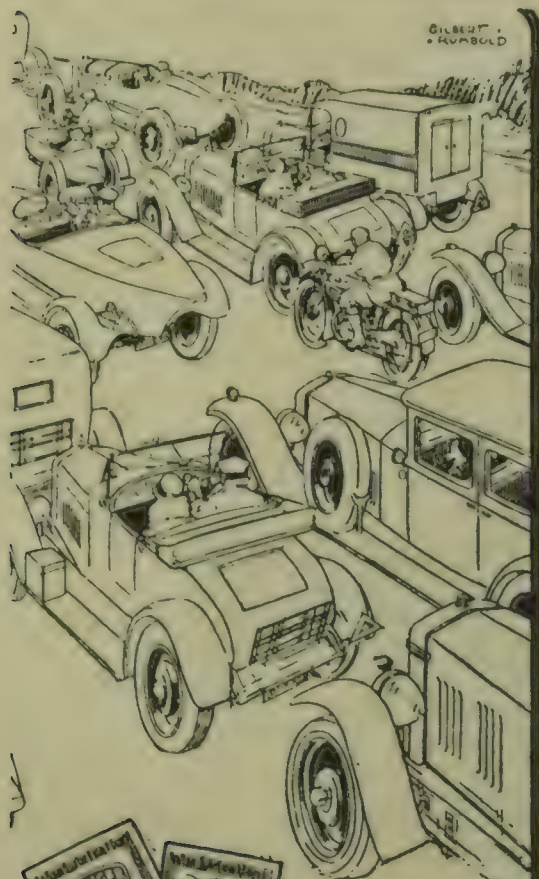
That enterprising company, the Union-Castle Line, inaugurated on March 31 a series of fortnightly holiday cruises between London, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Hamburg and back, covering 13 or 14 days for the very modest sum of £20, which includes first class

accommodation and meals on board while at sea and in port at Antwerp, Rotterdam, and Hamburg. Also, commencing with the steamer sailing on May 4, tourist tickets from Southampton to Madeira weekly, or from London to the Canary Islands fortnightly, up till the end of August, will be issued at £20 first-class return and £15 second-class return, available for return within two months. The pleasant sea voyage of four days each way, embodying excellent



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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE OLD TRADITION.

THE younger generation of musicians does not seem to be developing to a condition which compares favourably with their elders. If we take the most important sphere first—that of musical composition—it is a regrettable yet undeniable fact that we have no young composers in sight who promise even to achieve as much as Stravinsky, Ravel, de Falla, and Vaughan Williams, whom we can take as the four representative composers of Russia, France, Spain, and England respectively. In Germany the declension is all the more marked, because it is from a greater initial height; and we have only to mention the names of Pfitzner and Hindemith to be aware of the gulf which separates such composers from Brahms, Wagner, and Schumann, to say nothing of Mozart, Beethoven, and Bach. The decline has been down a gradual slope all through the nineteenth century, and the last German of sufficient musical eminence to be described as a mountain was Brahms, although even he was not in the highest range.

After Brahms, however, we come upon nothing better than a large hill, to which we may give the name of Richard Strauss, and then suddenly we are among a number of foothills; and we now look like having a journey of some years across a plain, and this plain may be described as a high table-land of general musical culture greater in extent than anything that the world has previously known, but devoid of any outstanding features. Whether we are correct even in thinking that we have a higher level as well as a larger extent of general culture in music to-day than ever before is exceedingly difficult to determine. In spite of the immense quantity of music produced and performed, and the introduction into every house of music by means of the gramophone or broadcasting, we may doubt whether the total number of discriminating listeners is greater than it was fifty years ago. In any case, it is certain that the proportion of the discriminating to the undiscriminating among listeners to music has greatly fallen, just as it has in the parallel case of reading.

Everybody reads nowadays, but this does not necessarily mean that more good literature is read than formerly. In mere quantity there has been

an enormous increase, as a glance at any railway bookstall will show, even if we had not got the immensely increased circulation of newspapers to prove this fact to us. Fifty years ago there was no *Daily Mail* or *Daily Express* in London at all; and the question whether it is better not to read than to read nothing but the daily newspaper is probably one of those which cannot be settled by the Intelligentsia alone. There are many musicians who deplore the popularisation of music and the advent of the gramophone and of broadcasting. I know of one very eminent musician who has actually refused to record for the gramophone, although by doing so he has deprived himself of a large annual income from royalties. This is an extreme case, and I do not know of another; but most musicians will admit in private that, great as have been the improvements in gramophone recording, they are by no means satisfied with present records, and they would be seriously perturbed if they thought that their recording diminished the number of people who came to their concerts and made it more difficult to give recitals.

At present it is extremely doubtful whether this is the result. The advent of the gramophone has not visibly decreased the number of concerts given in London, nor the attendance at these concerts—as far as the casual eye of any music critic in the habit of attending concerts can discern. It is even possible that people have been attracted by gramophone records to go and hear the artist in person, and also in order to compare what the music really sounds like in a concert-hall, so as to learn whether anything is lost in the process of mechanical reproduction. But these are certainly only a small minority of the most alert and energetic minds. There can be no doubt that with music, as with literature, the sudden influx of a huge new, semi-conscious, half-educated public has had the result of flooding the world, with inferior music and literature. And the mere mass of this inferior production makes it more difficult for good work to find its way.

Everyone has had the experience of being put off by having to choose from too great a number of things. The human mind gets quickly fatigued at the effort which has to be made. If you enter a very large library, you begin looking at the titles

of books; and as there are so many to choose from, you postpone selection for fear you may miss something particularly good; and you more often than not end up by reading none of them, having wasted too much time superficially skimming over them. And this is what is happening in music with the public. There is an enormous over-production of popular music; and although no doubt some people will slowly collect gramophone records of great masterpieces, and get to know and enjoy them thoroughly, and so lay the foundations of a true musical culture, many will not do so, but will always be buying and playing all the latest records, and that will keep them too busy to know any good composition thoroughly.

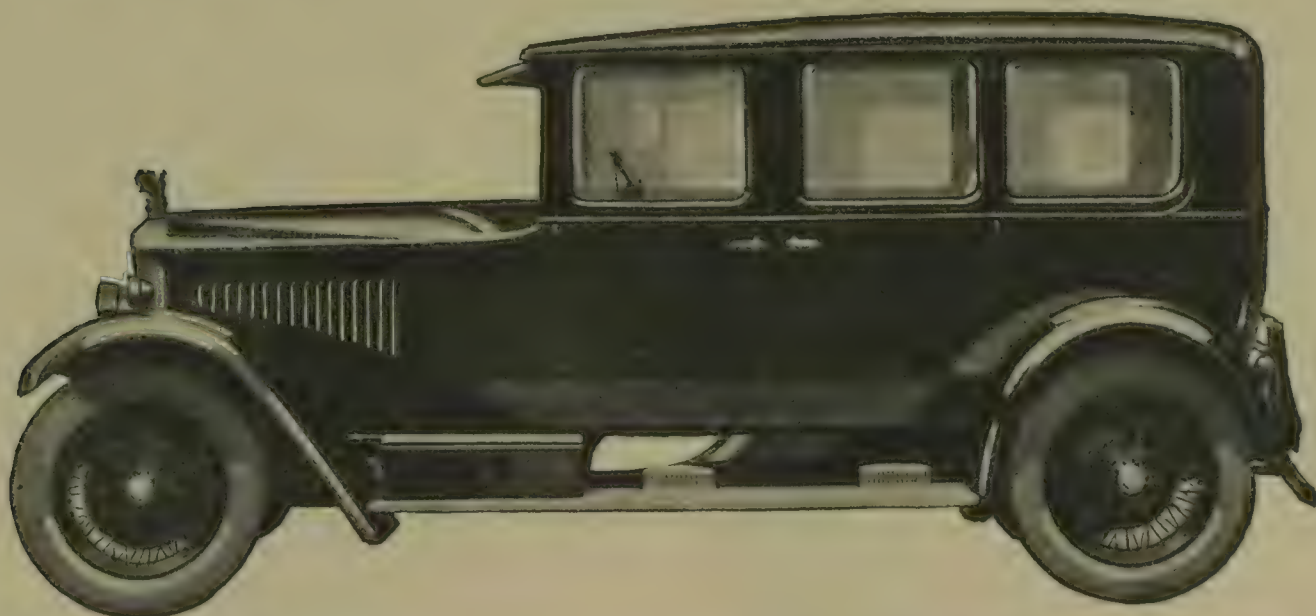
And this degeneration is spreading to the actual executants. The younger generation of orchestral players and conductors is not up to the standard of the previous generation. We have recently had two great conductors in London conducting our London Symphony Orchestra. One of them, Mr. Hermann Abendroth, from Cologne, is a typical German conductor of the younger generation; he is capable, energetic, and intelligent, but he lacks the poise and balance of the older conductors, and his performances of Brahms have been notable for exaggerations and distortions which have arisen from the prevalent desire to make an immediate effect at all costs. This straining after adventitious effects really comes from a lack of faith in the music. It means that the conductor does not believe the music can be left to itself to make its own appeal, but must be tricked up and presented in the most appetising way. Then a conductor educated in the good old tradition of the mid-nineteenth century, when the art of conducting was developed to its highest point, comes to London—I refer to Mr. Felix Weingartner—and he gives us a performance of one of the stiffest of Brahms's compositions, the Academic Festival Overture, and we are all thrilled and excited by a superb performance. And this performance was so vivid and enjoyable because the music seemed to dance into our ears without any medium between it and us. Now this result is not achieved by merely beating the correct *tempi* and otherwise being completely negative; it is achieved by the highest musicianship—that is to say, a perfect sense of balance of phrasing and of rhythmic proportions, and a

[Continued overleaf.]



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

A FINE WAR PLAY AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

THERE are such surprising merits, such big moments, in the new Duke of York's play, "Thunder in the Air," written by a hitherto unknown author, Robins Millar, that its weak spots, most of which could have been smoothed over by a more inspired producer, can be overlooked in view of the sincerity and strength of the work as a whole. In Mr. Millar we have a playwright who has the courage to tackle a difficult theme, the consistency to preserve his own point of view throughout his treatment of it, and the power to stir our emotions while he appeals to our imagination. Do the dead live on after death? he asks, apropos of a young soldier who has died in the war ten years before his action opens. They survive, Mr. Millar answers, only in the memories of those they leave behind, and, of course, those memories vary. Ronald Vexted, really a little blackguard, returns from the grave to those who knew him, and they see him in different guises. To the girl who loved him, but is now on the verge of accepting another suitor, he appears as a young god in flannels, high-spirited and ardent. To his father the boy is a thief, a libertine, a disgrace to the family who was better dead. His mother sees him as a tiny child blowing a trumpet. A clergyman's wife recalls him as a reckless lad with whom she spent a week of hectic excitement as his mistress. Others he cheated and robbed; one man he saved at the front in a phase of Dutch courage induced by drink.

Mr. Millar brings out vividly all these facets of his *revenant*, touching high-water mark in two scenes—one in which the living lover resists the dead man's claim that the sweetheart to whom he was unfaithful is still "mine"; and another which shows the stern soldier father facing his suicide son and relenting as he watches the piteous dumb figure that can only speak by signs. Of faults in the play let others speak. Its virtues are helped by fine performances of Mr. J. Fisher White as the father and Mr. Robert Haslam as the boy, and a charming study of the girl given by Miss Grizelda Hervey. Miss Violet Vanbrugh and Miss Hilda Bayley are also in the cast.

TENNYSON'S "HAROLD," AT THE COURT.

"Becket" was the nearest approach to a play Tennyson ever achieved, and even that was patently a poet's exercise in a medium he had not mastered. "Harold" is even less alive, and one wonders why Sir Barry Jackson should have troubled to exhume it from its half-century of slumber. Any drama in the story is half-stifled in its flood of blank verse; modelled on archaic forms, its episodes too often lack fire and passion; and there are too many Shakespearean echoes—the long-drawn-out death-scene of Edward the Confessor; the dream of Harold in which ghosts warn him before battle. It has its bursts of rhetoric, and its lyrical beauties, such as the song Edith sings to nightingale accompaniment, and Harold emerges every now and then as a man from the metaphors and tropes of the text; but everything is so formal and laboured, so faithful to precedent. One longs for the poet to break away from pattern, to give us some surprise and put some blood into his characters. Mr. Ayliff, the producer, has done his best with armour and costumes copied from old tapestries. The Harold of Mr. Laurence Olivier has a ringing voice and romantic air. Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies's Edith sings sweetly to her gramophone record. Mr. Scott Sunderland, Mr. Robert Speaight, Mr. Clifford Marquand and Mr. Ralph Richardson give their lines well, and, if the battle scenes lack real animation, the fault belongs to Tennyson and no one else.

"GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES."

On the whole, that *jeu d'esprit* of Anita Loos, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," has been transferred from book to footlights without too much loss of vivacity. The wit remains, or plenty of it; the heroine fills the stage as she fills the story; the audacity which demands interest in a shameless young adventuress who assumes a mask of innocence to secure from men cheques and jewels that should go to their wives, amuses no less in the playhouse than in the study—we laugh with the little wretch because there is so much vitality in her, because there is so much humour in her portrait, and because neither she nor her creator gives us time to yawn. Miss Joan Bourdelle rattles through the part of the minx, Lorelei, and looks the part. She has capital support from Miss Edna Hibbard as her confidant, Dorothy. Mr. Morton Selten might have been waiting all his

life to assume the character of the old rake, Sir Francis Beekman; and no less distinguished a comedian than Mr. Ernest Thesiger is content to be the meek-seeming Henry Spoffard of the production. Just the piece for the after-dinner mood!

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

(Continued from Page 656.)

complete control of the orchestra. Not only must the conductor see the work as a whole and in its smallest detail, but he must have the technical virtuosity to make the orchestra give expression to his conception.

One has only to watch Weingartner, who is as great a stylist with the conductor's baton as that fine cricketer, Victor Trumper, was with the bat. In other words, he obtains all his effects with a minimum of means. When Weingartner is conducting, there is no violent gesticulation, no throwing about of the arms and shoulders, no dancing on the platform, but perfect self-control, and a wonderful flexibility of wrist with the bâton. Every motion that he makes has significance, and its significance is clear to each member of the orchestra. This lucidity of mind and expression is combined with a sense of climax and a feeling for the dramatic that make Weingartner the most satisfactory of all conductors I have heard in all kinds of music, from Mozart to Brahms. There is one composer, however, whose music I have never heard Weingartner conduct, and that is Wagner. I must admit that I am curious to hear what the result would be. But I have no doubt that Weingartner would make Wagner's music sound much more vertebrate and musicianly than the readings of the majority of conductors.

It is of the greatest importance that we should all hear these few representatives of an older musical culture as often as possible. Every time I hear Weingartner I am impressed by his superiority to the younger men of from thirty to fifty years of age; and he is one of the few men born in the 'fifties and 'sixties of last century who are still left to us, and whose vitality is unimpaired. I have no doubt that the present ebb in quality and flood in quantity is only temporary, and that a new age will slowly emerge which will reach achievements in music, both executive and creative, as high as anything in the past; but this achievement will be reached only through the tradition of greater things which has persisted through a period of decline. W. J. TURNER.

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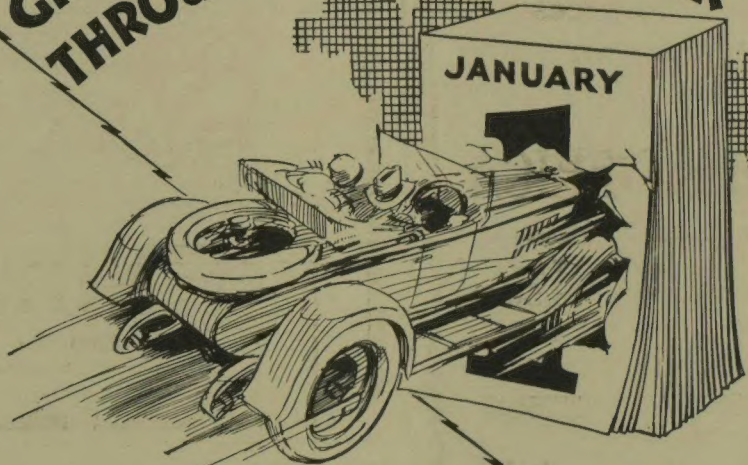
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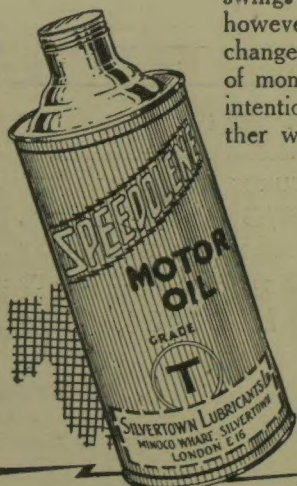
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RADIO NOTES.

A CONFERENCE of Australian radio dealers held in Sydney has telegraphed to the B.B.C. a message expressing "its appreciation of the valuable part that Empire broadcasting has played in cementing the family bonds of the British Empire. Through the efforts of English and Australian broadcasting stations the obstacle of distance is rapidly being overcome between all parts of our great Commonwealth of Nations. The members of the conference wish to thank you for your endeavours in the past, and trust your efforts will continue until regular daily programmes are received throughout our Empire."

The B.B.C. forwarded a reply as follows: "The B.B.C. heartily reciprocates your greeting, in the belief that present experiments in short-wave transmission and reception will lead ultimately to the establishment of intercontinental programme exchange, thereby contributing not only to the effective unity of the British Commonwealth of Nations, but also to the consolidation of international goodwill."

This year's National Radio Exhibition, organised by the Radio Manufacturers' Association, will be held from Sept. 22 to 29, inclusive, at Olympia, London. The success which attended the presentation of gifts last year to visitors who passed through the turnstiles at various times during the day has led the Exhibition management to consider other attractions of a more striking character. These features will be supplemented by new developments of a revolutionary nature in the radio industry, which cannot but help to make the exhibition an even greater success than last year's show.

To-night, April 14, Reginald Foort, whose organ music has not been heard by radio since he relinquished his position at the New Gallery Kinema last

year, will renew his acquaintance with listeners via the microphone. His performance will probably be relaid regularly on Saturdays from 6 to 6.30 p.m. from the Palladium, London. Later in the evening the Royal Horse Guards band (the Blues) will broadcast from the Kingsway Hall through 2LO and 5XX. An Italian programme, one of the series arranged by the B.B.C. in collaboration with the Union Internationale de Radiophonie, Geneva, will be broadcast this Sunday, April 15. It will include music by Verdi, Puccini, Rossini, and other Italian composers.

The harpsichord, the forerunner of the piano, is seldom heard in public nowadays; there are, indeed, few really expert performers on the instrument. One of the leading players is Mrs. Violet Gordon Woodhouse, who is to give a recital of seventeenth-century harpsichord music from 2LO and 5XX on Sunday, April 15. Oratorio music will also be given from 5GB on that date. There will be favourite items from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," and Handel's "Judas Maccabæus," and novelties will comprise a portion of Schubert's unfinished oratorio, "Lazarus," and the late Sir Herbert Brewer's beautiful little cantata, "Emmaus." A pathetic interest attaches to this latter production, as it had been arranged by Mr. Joseph Lewis just prior to the composer's death, Sir Herbert Brewer having expressed a desire to be present. The soloists in this programme are Bella Baille (soprano) and Parry Jones (tenor). In the evening, Albert Sandler makes his first appearance at the Park Lane Hotel.

Miss Sybil Thorndike will be heard from 2LO on April 17, when she is playing the name part in Euripides' "Medea," which is to be performed in 2LO's studio. "Armida," the sorceress, has been the subject of over fifty operas, but only one is known to-day—namely, Gluck's. This will be broadcast

from 2LO, 5XX, and other stations on April 18. During the same evening listeners are promised a brilliant programme of John Ireland's music. The artists are Albert Sammons (violin), Beatrice Harrison ('cello), and John Ireland (piano) with George Parker (baritone).

Only one more national concert remains to be given this season from the Queen's Hall. This will be broadcast on April 20, when Sir Henry Wood will conduct, and the chief item will be the first performance in England of the "Israel" Symphony by Ernest Bloch. From 5GB on April 22 a programme of "Popular Classics" will be presented. The chief features are the overture to "Rosamunde," by Schubert, two movements from the "New World" Symphony (Dvorak), selection from "Suite of Ballet Music to 'Prometheus'" (Beethoven), "Gracious Valse" (German), and Symphonic Poem "From Bohemia's Woods and Fields" (Smetana).

Lord Birkenhead's speech at the annual banquet of the Royal Society of St. George will be relayed to 5GB on St. George's Day, April 23. Also, St. George's Day will be signalled by a broadcast performance, occupying nearly two hours, of Shakespeare's "Henry V." This will be given from 2LO, 5XX, and other stations. Mozart's comic opera, "Cosi Fan Tutte" (The School for Lovers), will be broadcast from 2LO on April 27.

The Orient Line announce that school-children whose parents reside out East will be granted tickets to Port Said and Colombo and back at single fare for the return journey. These tickets will be available outwards by the "Oronsay," leaving London on June 23, the "Orama," July 21, and "Orsova," August 18; returning by the same steamers leaving Colombo on Sept. 5, Oct. 3 and 31, and Egypt 11 days later.

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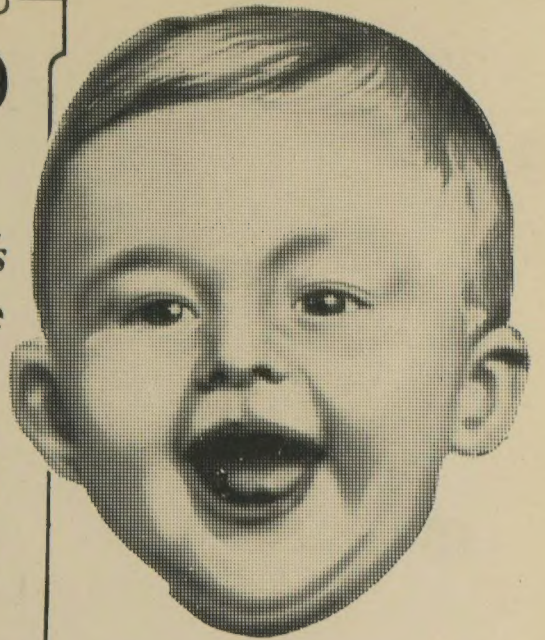
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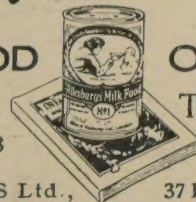
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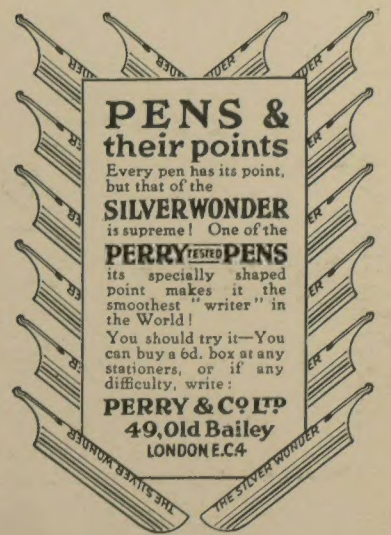
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